No. 210 (New Series), Vol. 5. March 28, 1936

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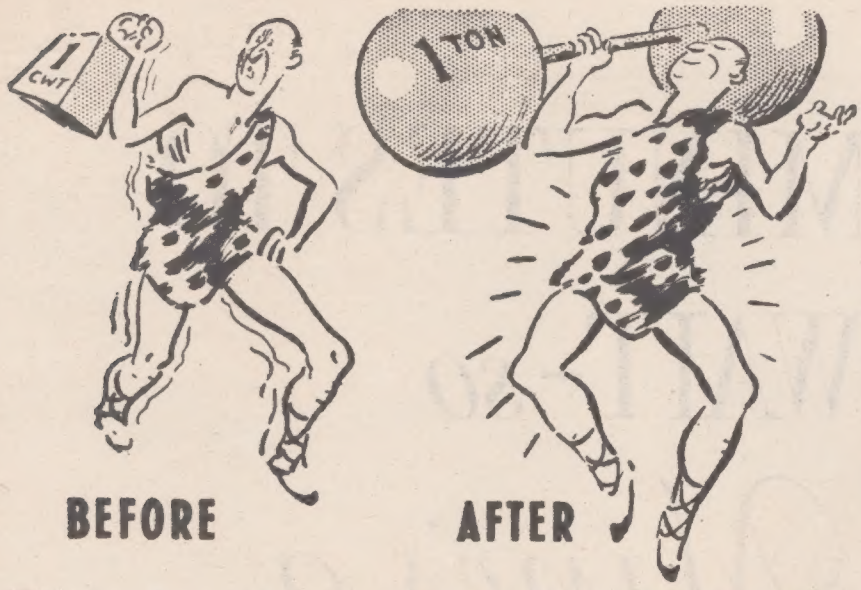

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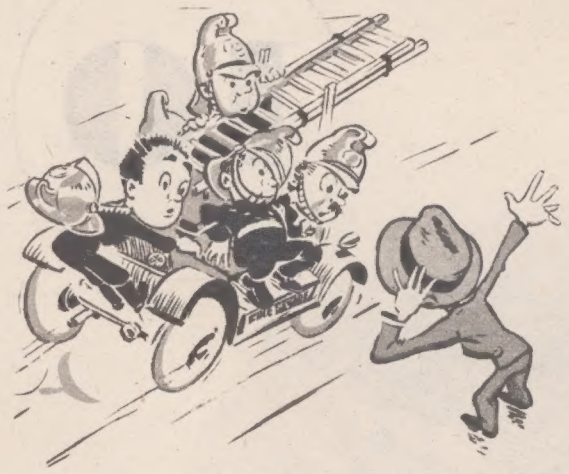

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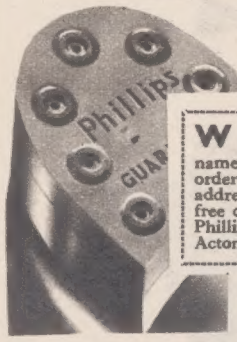

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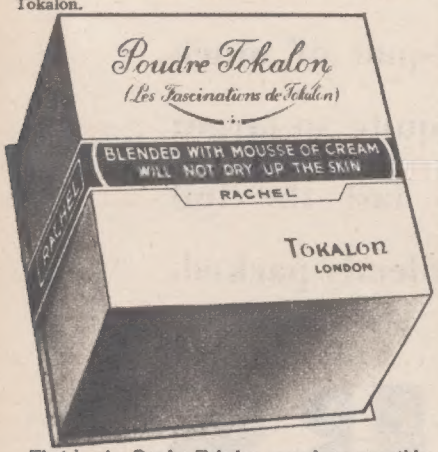

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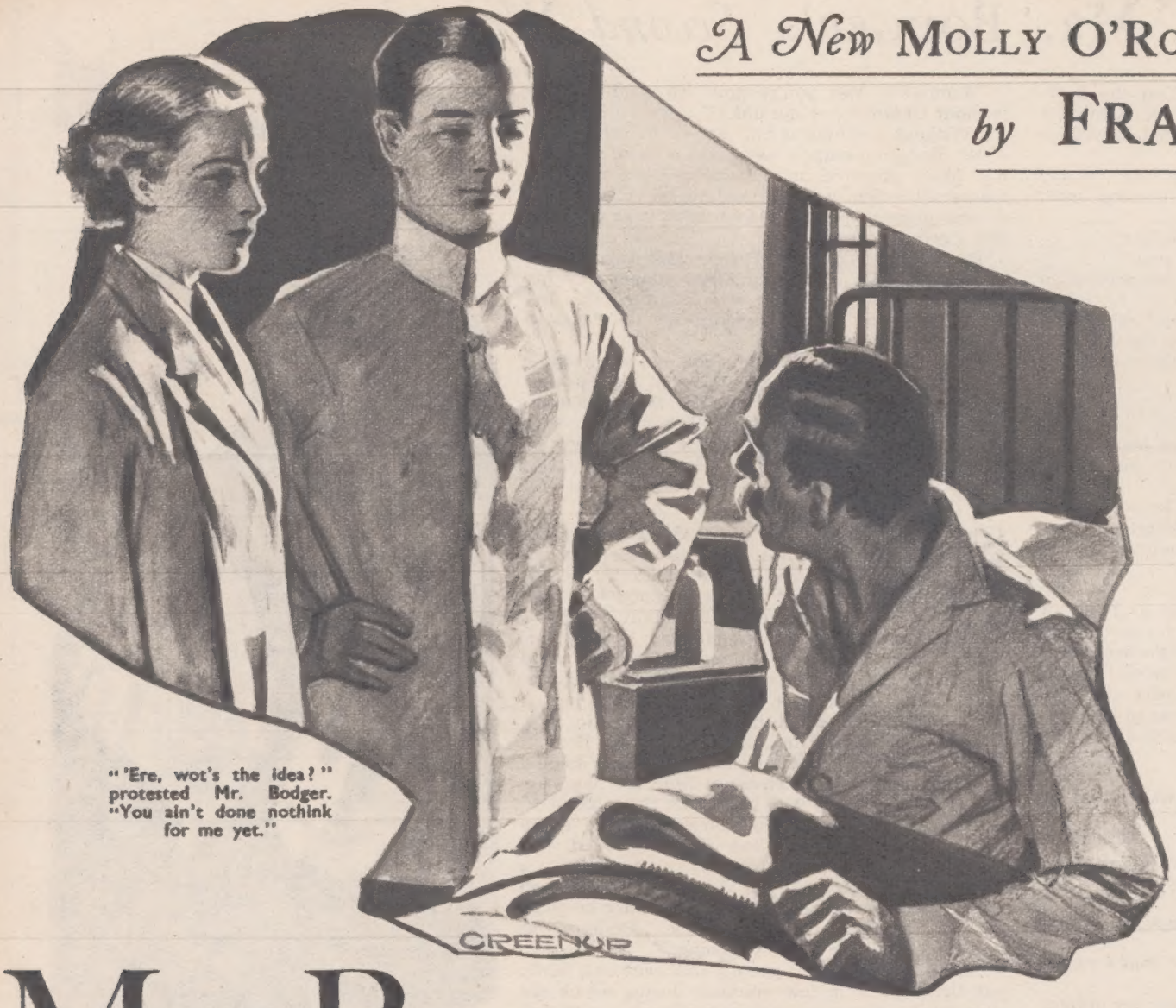


"'Ere, wot's the idea?" protested Mr. Bodger. "You ain't done nothink for me yet."

A New MOLLY O'ROURKE Story

by FRANK KING

MR. BODGER'S Second WIFE

MOLLY O'ROURKE was not naturally an inquisitive sort of person, but her work as almoner at the Royal Edward Hospital had given her an inquiring turn of mind. And so when she noticed the visitor who came in to see Mr. William Bodger as frequently as the rules allowed, she began to wonder if Mr. Bodger's circumstances had been correctly stated on his admission report.

The post of almoner at a big London hospital is no sinecure. The almoner has to provide intimate contact between the big institution and its patients as individuals. He or she must inquire into the circumstances of those who use the hospital, deciding what, if anything, should be charged for services rendered. Molly O'Rourke was young to have attained such a responsible position. With her flaming auburn hair and soft Irish complexion she looked even younger than her twenty-seven years. Her laughing blue eyes were deceptively innocent, yet she carried out her duties to the complete satisfaction of everyone concerned. And there was hardly a male member of the hospital staff who would not have laid down his life for her.

Mr. Bodger came in a very different category. He was a weedy, undersized individual with shifty eyes and an obvious abhorrence of water. He looked both uneducated and ignorant. And this made the personality of his visitor all the more noticeable.

She was a smart girl with a keen, rather vivid face. Her clothes were well cut, her hands beautifully cared for. She sat by Mr. Bodger's bedside, chatting to him cheerfully, and Mr. Bodger's dull brutish face expressed little beyond bewilderment. It was the contrast between them that caused Molly to halt in her progress through the ward and approach the ill-assorted couple.

"Good afternoon, Bodger," she said brightly. "How are you this afternoon?"

"I don't seem to be makin' much 'eadway, miss," he grumbled. He nodded his head towards the girl seated beside him. "This is my missus."

"I see." Molly got a little shock of surprise, but did not allow it to show on her smiling face. "I'm sorry you don't think you're getting on too well. Perhaps you're rather impatient. What do you say, Mrs. Bodger?"

"I don't know anything about it," replied the girl. Her voice sounded quite cultured. "William tells me they haven't got to the root of the trouble yet."

"Some of these things take time," said Molly. "You mustn't get downhearted, Bodger."

"I'm not grumbling, miss. But I don't want to spend the rest of me life 'ere."

"You're not a bit likely to do that. I'll have a word with Dr. Forest and see if he can tell me anything more about you."

"Thank you, miss. I would like to know 'ow long I'll be 'ere."

Molly nodded to them both and left the ward. She tripped along the corridors to her office and sat down with her reports. Occasionally she found her mind wandering to the incongruous Mr. and Mrs. Bodger. She was both amused and puzzled by them.

It seemed so impossible that they really could be husband and wife. Of course, very frequently ladies would come to visit gentlemen in the hospital, pretending to a relationship which Molly shrewdly suspected had no existence in law. Occasionally, some poor unfortunate fellow would prove to have two wives. Molly was used to this kind of thing; but she found it difficult to believe that the so-called Mrs. Bodger was even Mr. Bodger's "fancy woman."

Still, it was none of her business and she thrust them out of her mind, concentrating on her work. Before long, however, she found herself thinking about them again, trying to visualise what could be the relationship between them, what possible bond of sympathy there could be between so smart a girl and so unprepossessing a man.

Eventually, intrigued by the puzzle, she left her office and went in search of Dr. Forest, the house surgeon. She found him just hurrying out of the operating theatre, and gave him a friendly smile.

Dr. Forest was young and impressionable. Like all the unattached men—and some of the others—in the hospital, he was hopelessly in love with Molly O'Rourke. His pleasant face flushed a little as he stopped to speak to her.

"I'm rather interested in that man Bodger in E ward," she said. "Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. He's a bit of a puzzle."

"He's worrying about how long he'll be kept here. What's the matter with him?"

"Epilepsy. At least, that's the tentative diagnosis we've made. He came in with a history of epileptic attacks, and he's had one or two seizures while he's been in. They're definitely epileptiform in character, but so far we haven't been able to find any physical cause for them. Of course, they may be idiopathic, or even functional in character."

"Spoken like a real scientist," said Molly, with a mischievous twinkle in her blue eyes. "Now tell me what's wrong with him."

"Fits," said Dr. Forest.

"Thanks," smiled Molly. "It's quite obvious that you'll end up in Harley Street."

She walked back across the quadrangle with the house surgeon, pausing at the door of her office. The information she had just received did not help her in any way. She found that she was growing more and more interested in Mr. and Mrs. Bodger, and decided to have another chat with them. She went along to E ward, but discovered that the visitor had gone.

After saying a few words of cheer to the patient, she returned to her office. As she passed the corridor that led down from the operating theatre, she caught sight of Mrs. Bodger, apparently interested in a memorial plaque which was let into the wall. She walked softly towards her.

"Hello," she said. "Just having a look round?"

The girl started a little.

"I—I've managed to lose myself," she replied.

"These corridors are rather confusing," agreed Molly. "I'll show you the way out if you like."

"Thank you very much."

When she had seen the girl disappear through the entrance hall, Molly stood for a while in thought. There was something queer about these two. Admittedly the corridors in the hospital were confusing to a stranger, but the way out was clearly indicated by signs; and Mrs. Bodger, whatever else she might be, was certainly no fool.

Quite suddenly Molly decided to satisfy her curiosity. Sooner or later she would have to pay a visit to Mr. Bodger's home. There could be no harm in doing it now.

The address on her records was 17 Old Mill Street, Poplar. Putting on her hat and coat, she left the hospital and hopped on a bus going east.

Old Mill Street was much as she expected, a dingy row of small houses tucked away in a corner near the docks. They were all exactly alike. An amazing number of babies sprawled about on the pavements in front of them.

(*Continued on page* 6)

Continuing MR. BODGER'S *Second* WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY GREENUP

Molly found No. 17 and knocked on the door. There was no reply. She knocked again. A tousled head appeared in the doorway of No. 15, followed by a body of gargantuan proportions.

"Lookin' for someone?" asked the voice, ludicrously shrill and light in tone, coming from such a massive frame.

"Yes. I was wanting to see Mrs. Bodger."

"She's out. Anythin' I can do for you?"

"I don't think so, thank you. I just wanted to talk with her about her husband."

"Blimey! You've a nerve!" The fat woman emerged farther from the doorway, and stood regarding Molly with interest. "It's more than anyone in this street dare do."

"What?"

"Mention 'er old man to 'er."

"I see." Molly felt that she might learn something from a little gossip. "And what's wrong with Mr. Bodger?"

"You wouldn't ask that if you knowed 'im." The fat woman's dirty face expressed grave disapproval. "What's the good of an old man who's allus away? We 'ardly ever sees 'im."

"Business, perhaps?"

"Business, my eye! 'E's not done a stroke of honest work for years. 'E goes away for weeks at a time, and 'is missus don't know what's become of 'im. 'E's away now—'as been over a week."

"I see," said Molly again. Apparently this good lady did not know that Mr. Bodger was in hospital. Perhaps it would be as well not to mention the fact. "What is his trade?"

"Puttin' beer away, I should say. I tell you 'e 'asn't worked for years. Not since 'e was a 'tendent at a lunatic asylum."

"Oh! That was his job, was it?"

"Yus. And if you asks me, it affected 'is mind. They say that if you live with folks long enough you get like 'em. 'E's full o' tricks 'e learned in the asylum. 'E can throw a fit at any time, natural as you like."

"Indeed?" Molly was started. "That's rather an accomplishment."

"It is! 'E's 'ad many a pint o' beer for obligin' at the 'Star and Garter' around the corner." The fat woman broke off, peering down the street. "'Ere comes 'is missus now. You'll be able to ask her anythin' you want."

Molly looked in the same direction. She was not at all surprised to see that the woman coming along the street bore not the slightest resemblance to the girl who had visited Mr. Bodger in hospital. She decided to beat a hurried retreat. There was obviously something rather curious going on, and she felt it would be advisable not to meet Mrs. Bodger just at present.

"I think you've told me sufficient," she said, slipping a coin into the grimy hand. "Thank you very much. I'm in rather a hurry. I won't wait."

She walked down the street away from the approaching Mrs. Bodger and returned to the hospital where she sat down in her office to think things over.

It was a rather curious situation she had uncovered, and she could see neither rhyme nor reason in it. Mr. Bodger, evidently, had utilised his undoubted skill in faking epileptic attacks to gain admission to the hospital. Apparently his wife was completely ignorant of his whereabouts, or the colossus next door would have known, too. Curious! Why should any man want to come into hospital under false pretences? And why should he be visited there by a girl, very much his superior in every way, who yet pretended to be his wife?

Molly felt that there was something queer behind all this. She sought out Dr. Forest again and told him what she had discovered. He was just as puzzled as she was.

"I'm not surprised to hear that he's a fraud," he said thoughtfully. "But I'm hanged if I can see what his idea is. Anyhow, now that we're sure about it, we'll get rid of him, eh?"

"Yes," agreed Molly. "Perhaps it would be as well."

They went along together to E ward and approached Mr. Bodger's bed.

"You'll be discharged to-morrow, Bodger," said the house surgeon, with a grin.

A trace of alarm showed on the man's bovine features.

"'Ere, wot's the idea?" he protested. "You ain't done nothink for me yet."

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do for you."

"Lumme! And you're goin' to send me out without treatment or nothink?"

"Without anything at all," agreed Forest.

Mr. Bodger promptly went into a most alarming fit. Molly shivered as she watched his distorted features, his clenched teeth and his convulsed limbs. It was almost impossible to believe that this was not a genuine attack.

During the night Mr. Bodger had two further attacks, but Dr. Forest remained adamant in his decision. And quite early next morning, the discharged patient walked out through the entrance hall into the busy road.

Molly had decided to follow him and see what he did with his freedom. Her interest in him had not abated with the discovery that he was anxious to remain longer in hospital. Without any very definite reason in her mind, she felt that it might be advisable to find out as much as she could about him.

She was not surprised to see that he stopped at the first telephone call box. After speaking emphatically into the instrument for a few minutes, he left the box and wandered aimlessly along the road until he came to a Lyon's café. Molly bought a morning paper and followed him in. Keeping her face averted, she chose a table from which she could watch him, hiding when necessary behind the paper.

It was not long before the girl who called herself Mrs. Bodger arrived, a frown on her vivid face. Evidently she was rather annoyed with Mr. Bodger.

He talked to her very earnestly and she seemed to relent. Drawing an envelope from her handbag, she furtively handed it to him under the table.

Payment for what he had done, probably. Molly felt quite excited as she saw this. It looked very much as though Mr. Bodger were no more than a tool in the hands of this girl. Whatever he had been doing was finished now. But there must be some reason for what had been done. Perhaps his employer might be worth watching.

So when Mr. Bodger got up and went out, Molly sat tight. After a few minutes, during which she was busily engaged powdering her nose, the girl, too, rose from the table and left. And this time Molly followed.

The girl walked quickly along to a side street. Entering a car parked there, she slipped behind the wheel and drove away. Molly hailed a taxi, telling the driver to keep the car in view if possible.

The chase did not continue very long. It led through Baker Street to the Finchley Road, and thence to a large old-fashioned house in Hampstead.

Here the girl jumped out of her car and hurried into the house. Molly's taxi pulled up by the roadside.

"What'll I do now, miss?" asked the driver.

Molly hesitated. She couldn't very well follow the girl into the house. In fact it seemed there was nothing more she could do.

"The Royal Edward Hospital," she decided.

As the taxi chugged its way back, she wondered if she had wasted her time. Why on earth should a girl, living in a house like this, pay Mr. Bodger to fake epileptic attacks? It was very puzzling.

Next morning there was great confusion throughout the Royal Edward Hospital. Someone had misplaced the precious store of radium which was kept in a room adjoining the operating theatre, and which had saved so many lives since it was donated by Lord Elterwater.

"Ten thousand pound's worth of it," the porter told Molly as she arrived for the day's work. "And someone's thrown it away with some dressings, I'll be bound. It'll be in the incinerator now."

"When was it missed?" asked Molly.

"Early this morning. Sir Godfrey was operating on a cancer of the stomach. And when he sent the sister for it—well, it wasn't there."

Molly walked on to the operating theatre where a crowd of nurses were busily engaged searching in every nook and cranny. She stood in the little room adjoining the theatre, looking at the cupboard in which the radium had been kept. The precious stuff was used so frequently that no one had thought of locking it in a safe in spite of its value. The cupboard had a very ordinary lock with a very ordinary key. It would have been perfectly easy for anyone, knowing the hospital routine, to steal the radium.

And as she lingered there watching the search, thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Bodger came irresistibly to her mind. An observant person could learn a good deal of the hospital routine during two or three visits. Her blue eyes narrowed a little as she remembered seeing Mrs. Bodger apparently interested in the plaque just outside the operating theatre. Was this why Mr. Bodger had been paid to perform?

Molly's smooth brow was creased in perplexity as she made her way back to her office. It might be that her suspicions were utter rubbish, that the radium would turn up, found in some corner where it had been overlooked. On the other hand it was equally possible that she was right.

She wondered what anyone would do with ten thousand pounds' worth of stolen radium. Probably it would be impossible to dispose of such a thing in this country. It was dangerous stuff to handle, too. It would be a veritable white elephant unless it could be taken abroad—perhaps to Belgium, where practically the world's supply of radium is controlled.

Realisation of this made Molly feel very uncomfortable. If the stuff had, indeed, been stolen as she suspected, in all probability the supposed Mrs. Bodger would leave England with it. And, naturally, she would not delay. By the time the hospital authorities decided that the radium had really gone, she would be out of reach.

It seemed a wild thought—yet obviously Mr. William Bodger had been paid for *something*. Molly wondered what she ought to do about it. It seemed too incredible a story to take to the hospital authorities. And yet, if it were true, something must be done at once.

Eventually, she decided that she would go to that house at Hampstead herself, see the girl, and try to get either confirmation or denial of her suspicions.

Hurrying out of the hospital, she took a taxi.

The man seemed to realise the situation at once. In a moment a strong arm was round her, a hand over her mouth.

Just what she would do when she got to her destination, she did not know. It seemed rather absurd to think of ringing the bell and asking for Mrs. Bodger. Yet she knew no other name; and somehow she must see her.

As it happened, things did not turn out in just this way. When the taxi deposited her on the pavement outside the house, she saw that the girl's car was drawn up by the curb. She passed through the gate and walked up the short drive. Here she found that the door of the house stood invitingly open.

From where she stood she could see into the hall. Two suitcases stood beside the door, obviously ready for carrying out to the car. A little thrill of excitement ran through her. Someone was leaving. Evidently her guess had not been far from the mark.

She wondered whether to ring; and then it occurred to her that there was nothing to prevent her slipping inside unseen. This seemed rather a good plan. If no one knew of her presence, she might hear or find something which would settle the matter without further doubt.

She stepped quietly forward into the hall and stood listening. A faint murmur of voices came from somewhere in the distance, but she could not distinguish any words. What should her next step be? The fact that the door had been left wide open showed that she had not long in which to act.

She tested the weight of the suitcases, and knew at once that the missing radium was not packed away in either of them. They were not nearly heavy enough to hold the leaden container in which the dangerous stuff must be kept.

Suddenly she started. A door had opened somewhere upstairs and the voices had become louder. Obviously someone was coming. After a hurried glance round, Molly slipped through a half-open door into the room beyond. Looking quickly round, she stifled an exclamation of satisfaction.

The room was quite small, little more than a cupboard, with hooks for outdoor clothes and a wash basin. Molly's satisfaction was due to the fact that she had seen, hanging on one of these hooks, a nurse's uniform.

It was certain now that she was on the right track. The supposed Mrs. Bodger had used that uniform last night. Having acquainted herself with the general configuration and routine of the hospital, she had entered it in one of the many ways possible, and made straight for the room next to the operating theatre. No one would have paid the slightest attention to her. In such a large institution the nurses were always changing; and if anyone had noticed her at all, it would have been thought that she was a new arrival. The corridors, of course, were dimly lighted at night, and it was only in emergencies that the operating theatre was used. It would be perfectly simple for her to unlock the cupboard, hide the radium under her uniform, and go out by the way she had entered.

The voices drew nearer and footsteps descended the stairs.

"It's about time we cleared off, isn't it?" asked a man's voice.

"There's no hurry, Jim. The 'plane doesn't leave till half-past eleven."

"We've got to get to Croydon, and we may be delayed. It's all right you being so calm about it all, Myra, but I'll feel a lot more comfortable when we're in Ostend. The whole thing's gone off far too smoothly for my liking. It seems too good to be true."

"You always were a pessimist, Jim. Still, we'll get along if you're feeling like that. Are you sure we've left nothing behind?"

"Nothing that matters. There's that nurse's uniform, of course, but I don't think we need bother about it. No one's likely to connect it in any way with what's happened. Even if they do, we'll be far enough away."

"Very well, then. We'll get off. What about the keys?"

"We'll post them to the agent, with a note explaining that we've been unexpectedly called abroad. No point in falling out with him. We might want to rent the house again sometime."

Behind the door of the little room Molly stood trembling with excitement. There was no doubt about the facts now. These two had the stolen radium and, as she had expected, were flying over to Belgium with it.

Somehow this must be prevented. But how? Molly had an urgent impulse to confront them with her knowledge, but felt that it would be very foolish to disclose her presence just now. Probably the best plan would be to allow them to go; then get in touch with Pom-Pom, or Detective-Inspector Frank Pomeroy of Scotland Yard, who was one of her best friends; and have them arrested at Croydon.

She had just reached this decision when all her plans suddenly went west.

"I'll get my coat," said the man's voice.

And before Molly had time to move, the door was pushed open, banging against her.

The man seemed to realise the situation at once. In a moment a strong arm was round her, a hand pressed over her mouth.

"Myra!" he called. "Come here!"

He was a man of about forty, and would have been handsome but for a rather cruel twist to his lips. His narrowed eyes stared into Molly's until the girl called Myra hurried in.

"Who's this?" he asked. "Is it that girl you mentioned?"

"Yes, it is! I've wondered if she suspected something."

The bogus Mrs. Bodger was obviously alarmed. The man's eyes, too, showed fear for a moment, then narrowed again. He took his hand from Molly's mouth.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I've come for that radium you've stolen," she replied, wondering if she could bluff them.

"Anyone with you?"

"Of course! You don't suppose I'd come here without some policemen, do you? Better give me the stuff before you make things worse for yourselves."

The man glanced at the girl.

"Make sure about it," he snapped. "Go out and start up the car. Drive down the road. If there's anyone watching, they'll show themselves."

Myra hurried away. The man placed his hand over Molly's mouth again, and stood motionless, holding her.

It was not long before the girl returned.

"There's no one," she reported. "She's bluffing."

"Good! I thought she might be. Get some rope. We'll fasten her up."

Molly started to struggle, but the man was strong and held her quite easily. Before long her

(*Continued on page* 8)

Continuing MR. BODGER'S *Second* WIFE

hands and feet were securely fastened, and a handkerchief thrust into her mouth.

"Sorry to treat you like this," said the man. There was covert admiration in his eyes now. "But you know too much. I suppose you wouldn't care to promise not to divulge your knowledge for twenty-four hours?"

Molly shook her head vigorously. He shrugged.

"Very well, then. You'll have to stay here. It may be two or three days before anyone finds you. I'm afraid that can't be helped."

"Where shall we leave her?" asked the girl.

"Why not here? She can't get loose. Even if she did, she couldn't get out. And no one would hear her from the road."

"Very well, then. But let's get a move on. It's time we were off."

"Right! We've nothing to do but attend to Tony."

Leaving Molly trussed up on the floor, they went out, locking the door behind them. For a little while she heard the confused murmur of their voices and the excited yapping of a little dog. Then the house door slammed and there was silence.

An Irish temper was rising up in Molly. She was furiously angry with herself for allowing herself to be caught like this. She had solved the problem—and allowed the criminals to escape. She groaned inwardly when she thought how soon they would be out of the country. If only she had gone to Pom-Pom with her suspicions. He might have laughed at her, but he would certainly have tried to investigate them. These two might have been caught red-handed. Instead of which she had made a horrible mess of things.

But that Irish temper would not permit her to lie still, bemoaning her defeat. Besides the floor was hard. She made an effort, and after several trials managed to get to her feet. How the deuce was she going to get out of here?

It was no use banging on the door. The small window looked out only into a back yard, and even if she could somehow manage to get it open, her muffled cries for help would not be heard. Still, something must be done. If it were in any way possible those two must be stopped from leaving England.

A small mirror hung on the wall beside the wash basin, and this gave Molly an idea. Hopping towards it, she brushed against it with her shoulder, flinging it to the floor where it crashed into small pieces. Sitting down then with her back to the debris, she groped cautiously with her fingers for a suitable fragment.

It was a difficult job to hold a bit of glass in one hand and at the same time press the rope that bound her wrists against it. But she persevered, cutting herself twice in the process; and eventually she had the satisfaction of feeling one of the strands part.

With the freer movement that this allowed her, the rest was easy. It was not long before her hands were free. She pulled the stifling gag from her mouth and unfastened the bonds round her ankles. So far, so good. She had no idea how long this operation had taken. There might be a chance yet—if only she could get out of the room.

The window was no good. She turned her attention to the door. This was stout and could not be broken open. But the key had been left in the lock outside, and she remembered having read of a dodge in such a case. She had been carrying a newspaper when she arrived at the house. Unfolding this now, she pushed one sheet underneath the door. Fiddling with a pencil in the keyhole, she managed to dislodge the key and heard it fall on the newspaper outside. Pulling this in, holding her breath in case the key would not pass beneath the door, she uttered an exclamation of delight when she saw it come through. Hurriedly picking it up, she unlocked the door and ran out into the hall.

There was a telephone on a nearby table. She glanced at her watch, and saw that it was twenty-minutes past eleven. Perhaps there was still time—if she could get hold of Pom-Pom.

She rang up Scotland Yard and asked for Detective-Inspector Pomeroy, chafing with impatience until she heard his voice.

"Hello, Pom-Pom! Will you do something for me?"

"Anything."

"There'll be some sort of policeman at Croydon aerodrome, won't there?"

"Ot course."

"Will you ring through and see that two people are detained. They are travelling on the Ostend 'plane that leaves at eleven-thirty."

"Gosh! Cutting it fine, aren't you? Who are they?"

"I've no time to tell you now. I don't even know their names. Here's a description of them."

Molly quickly described the man and the girl. At the other end of the wire Detective-Inspector Pomeroy grunted.

"I can't detain people without knowing something about them," he began. "It's as much as my job——"

"There's no time to argue. Take my word for it, they're criminals. Will you do it?"

"But——"

"Will you or won't you?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Good! Then call round for me here"—she gave the address—"and I'll tell you all about it as we go down to Croydon together."

It seemed a very long time before Detective-Inspector Pomeroy turned up. And when he arrived, his pleasant face looked troubled. He had the very highest regard for Miss Molly O'Rourke. But he was also very keen on his work.

"We stopped them," he said, opening the door of his car. "Just as the 'plane was leaving."

"Splendid!" cried Molly. "I knew you wouldn't let me down."

"It's all right talking that way," he grumbled. "But if there's any mistake about this, I'll get it in the neck."

"There's no mistake," said Molly, slipping into the seat beside him. "Let's hurry."

As he drove skilfully through the busy streets, she told him what had happened. His pleasant face grew grim when he heard how she had been trussed up.

"The dirty dogs!" he muttered. "Why didn't you come to me before?"

"I'd nothing definite to tell you. You'd have laughed at me."

"You know that's not true." He was indignant until he saw her mischievous smile. "All the same, I think you're pretty marvellous. We'll have you in the force before we're finished."

"I hope there hasn't been any mistake at Croydon," murmured Molly. "I'm not too sure of the force. There's no chance of them having detained the wrong people, is there?"

"I think not. Your description was very clear."

When they arrived at Croydon they were met by a rather puzzled police sergeant, who led them straight to a small room in the office building where they found the prisoners in charge of a constable. Both showed a hint of uneasiness when they saw Molly.

"These the people?" asked Pomeroy.

"Yes," she replied.

"I should like to know the reason for this outrage," said the man haughtily. "Unless an apology is forthcoming at once, someone will pay for it."

"Where's that radium?" asked Pomeroy curtly.

"I know nothing about any radium. Nor does Miss Sandeman."

The girl said nothing. She smiled enigmatically as she caressed the silken-haired Yorkshire terrier she was carrying.

"You've got their luggage?" The Scotland Yard man addressed the constable. "Good! Bring it in."

The two suitcases were brought in and laid on the table. Pomeroy quickly went through their contents.

"It's not here," he murmured to Molly.

"I know," she replied.

"Is this all they had with them?"

"Yes, sir," replied the constable.

"They must be carrying it on them somewhere. Molly, perhaps you'll take the young lady into the next room and make sure about this?"

"Certainly."

The girl smiled again as Molly examined her handbag, then ran her hands carefully over her clothes.

"You've made a mistake, my dear," she said.

"I think not—Mrs. Bodger," replied Molly.

Pomeroy looked at them eagerly as they returned to the other room. Molly shook her head.

"Nothing doing here," she said.

"He hasn't got it, either." Pomeroy's face was troubled. "It's surely not possible that you made a mistake?"

"Definitely, no."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment. Then the male prisoner grinned.

"Now that you've realised your mistake," he suggested, "perhaps you'll be good enough to apologise and allow us to continue our journey?"

The Scotland Yard man was obviously puzzled, but he shook his head.

"You'll still be charged with an assault on Miss O'Rourke," he said.

"My dear fellow! What a queer attitude to take up. We find a young lady who has entered our premises without invitation—burglary, isn't it?—and because we're in too big a hurry to attend to her properly, we fasten her up. You must know that there is no crime in that. Besides"—the man grinned again—"I hardly think that Miss O'Rourke would care to have this little episode become public property."

There was another silence. Molly felt horribly guilty. Somehow she had allowed these two to fool her. Pomeroy watched her uneasily.

The little dog grew restless and whimpered.

"Quiet, Tony," the girl soothed him. "Quiet, then."

Suddenly Molly sprang forward. She remembered the man saying there was only Tony to attend to. She remembered the little dog's excited yapping while she lay bound hand and foot.

"Pom-Pom!" she cried. "Look at the dog."

Instantly there was confusion in the room. The girl dropped her pet and dashed for the door. The man swung round and attempted to scramble out of the window behind him. Pomeroy tackled him, while the sergeant caught the girl's arm. Molly picked up the little terrier and stood it on the table. It seemed as though hardly able to move. And when she looked closely amongst its long silken hair, she found the lead case containing the radium, carefully fastened to its little body with strong twine.

"Good for you, Molly!" cried Pomeroy delighted. He shook his prisoner. "You'll be ready to come clean now, won't you?"

The man muttered an inaudible reply. The girl's vivid face was convulsed with rage as she glared at Molly.

"No fits, please," said Molly gently. "You can't hope to be half as successful as Mr. Bodger."

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose stamped addressed envelopes

Propaganda picture of Hitler with small Wilhelm Hoffman, now being suppressed regardless of cost because Willie's grandmother turned out to be a Jewess.

Fifty-foot Buddha (right) at Singapore, Malaya, covered with gold leaf brought in snippets by pilgrims.

A reader who meant to take an ordinary photograph got a curiosnap instead. Yes, it is a horse.

Right: Living tea-cosy — this Tunbridge Wells cat insists on sitting on the teapot.

Hannen Swaffer *in Africa (2)*

Criminals of all varieties in a sanctuary at Fez, Morocco. Unless they have committed murder, they can walk out free after six months.

The Ill-Will *of* ALLAH

THERE are thousands of children in Morocco with close-cropped heads, except for one long strand that has been allowed to grow. Sometimes it is a very thin lock, sometimes a nice thick plait. The children wear these in the hope that, one day, Mahomet will pull them up to Heaven by means of their hair.

Well, if this did happen, it would mean that many of them had been pulled out of what we might call Hell.

"How cheap!" you say, when you buy native goods, a beautifully coloured embossed blotter, one that might cost you £2 in London, for 7s. 6d. You admire the woven cloths, the leather work.

Largely, it is the production of child labour.

Inside tiny shops all over Morocco, you see native weavers at work. No one uses machinery. Instead, he enslaves a child. He sits inside, on his haunches, weaving. The child stands in the doorway, or outside in the alley, monotonously interlocking his hands at the end of long strands. The child may be five years old, or he may be nine. He goes on doing it all day.

I know that we compel women in Lancashire to stand all day—that is, when they are fortunate enough to get work—beside cotton looms, doing something comic with bobbins and spindles, and we call it "civilisation." But we are used to our own kind of slavery. Someone else's disturbs us.

Apart from the haunting sight of the overladen donkeys and the over-burdened women—both seem to belong to the same social scale—you bring away, chiefly, from Morocco a memory of those children's eyes. They look at you wonderfully when you pass. And, all the time, they go on moving their hands, hour after hour

Well, what can you expect? If somebody wants to improve anything, the words "The Will of Allah" are used automatically.

I went into an infants' welfare centre in Tangier, one run by English women. It is very primitive, of course, a white-washed sort of place, that's all.

Miss A. L. Seth-Smith, the lady superintendent, works with a group of English women, trying to teach the mothers that medicine can cure.

A baby is taken in, a mere hump on the mother's back. When unwrapped, it becomes more than a bundle, it is seen to be a diseased, pain-wracked little piece of humanity, its eyes blackened with kohl, its finger- and toe-nails stained with henna, and, if very young, wrapped in swaddling clothes or pieces of rag. It looks more like a chrysalis than a baby.

The typical Moroccan sheik has a "sublime indifference to all the change going on around him . . ."

Although they give the women a number so that, when she comes back, the case can be turned up in a moment, in most cases the number is left at home next time. Or if it was brought from home, it has been dropped in the street, or else the baby has eaten it.

Then the women workers sigh. Nearly all the boys are named Mahomet or Absolom or Ali, and as for the girls, there are Ramahs and Zoharahs and Fatimas by the hundred.

It is a fight, not only against illness but ignorance, superstition, ancestral customs, hereditary diseases, and fear. If the baby does not like the medicine, the mother says "It is the Will of Allah that it should not take it."

"Wash the baby?" she asks. "If I wash the baby, it will die."

One baby taken to the centre had an extra finger hanging by a piece of skin on each hand. "It is holy," said the mother. So nothing could be done.

They often bring in children with the little stomachs cut, or with burns on their little bellies.

All over Morocco, you see tombs of saints standing apart, usually looking like little mosques. Sick children are taken to these, so that some miracle can happen. There, some priest may tell the mother that the child is possessed of an evil spirit. So they cut the child's abdomen to let the spirit out!

Sometimes a mother, given a prescription to take to the chemist, will tie the prescription round the child's sore, using it as a charm.

Everything is "The Will of Allah."

One baby taken in with a terrible case of thrush had been treated with a wash made of roasted wood-lice, powdered and boiled! A lovely little girl who was dying in her foster-mother's arms had had a sheep killed to save her life.

This, mind you, is in Tangier, an international zone, controlled by Britain, France, Spain, nearly all the great nations of Europe.

As for the interior of Morocco, well, many years must pass before anything changes the habits and the customs that belong to a world of darkness and fear.

In Fez, they showed me, in a museum, a small cage made of wood and iron, one just large enough to hold a man sitting down. It is now an exhibit.

Only a few years ago—yes, after the War!—it was used for the punishment of political prisoners. If anybody objected to anything the Sultan insisted on doing, he was arrested, put in the cage and publicly exhibited in the streets from six in the morning till eight o'clock at night. That lasted for forty days. The public could throw stones at him or anything they liked. He became an object of derision, a Public Enemy.

(*Continued on page* 10)

Child workers in a Moroccan carpet factory. "He may be five years old, he may be nine. He goes on doing it all day."

Caged by the Sultan! A photograph taken in 1908, showed a captured pretender to the throne, who was for four years thus exhibited in every city in Morocco.

Continuing

SWAFFER

Then, at the end of the forty days, the Sultan would give a dinner party and, after it, throw the fortunate man —fortunate, because at last his end was coming—into a cage of lions and watch him being eaten!

You have read how, in the Dark Ages, there were "places of sanctuary" in Europe. You would scarce believe it, but in Fez, where 250,000 Moors live under roofs which, from the hills above, look almost like one solid flatness, the custom of sanctuary still survives.

Near the tomb of Moulay Idriss, which is in a mosque so sacred that Christians are advised to walk straight by without doing more than glance, there is a large building that looks like a mosque. This is always open. Inside, you see refugees sheltering themselves from the law.

Unless they have committed murder, they can walk out free after six months. If they are murderers, they must stop there for life or pay the penalty for their misdeeds if they leave the place.

You see the offenders sitting near the door, looking out. They are waiting for food to be brought by their friends, for no one feeds them unless their relatives do so or someone is charitable.

From above, Fez looks like a dead city. In the evening, women may come up from the houses underneath to cool themselves on the flatness of the roofs. Because of this, they had, until quite recently, blind men to call the faithful to prayer, blind so that they could not see the women!

It is merely one mass of walls and flat roofs, all white or light brown except for the green roof of a mosque or where a watch-tower sticks up.

You see a stork's nest above one mosque. The stork is sacred. Three or four birds were flying over the city when I was there, and I thought that, if these three or four birds had to bring along all the babies for a population of a quarter of a million people, well, they, like the women, were badly overworked.

But once, over Marrakesh, Lloyd George and I looked over on perhaps 200 storks, all flying round and round. There, there were more storks than babies.

Yet, enslaved by their own superstitions though the Moors may be—and we must always remember that we, the Christian nations, have superstitions of our own—I can but pay a tribute to the kindly tolerance of all the Moors I met.

Although the French have gone in as conquerors and brought down the standard of living—after all, you know, native people have to pay for the exploitation of their new masters—the Moors are polite to a meticulous degree.

Now and then you offend them without knowing. In Xauen, for instance, a woman member of our party saw, in a doorway, two beautiful little girls, framed in a perfect setting. She started to photograph them. The mother shouted, and the children went inside.

You have to be careful about things like this. You must remember that, if you take their picture, you can carry away something which imperils the safety of the original of the snapshot. They believe that if you stuck pins in the photograph it would harm the person, never mind what the distance might be.

Yet I remember that, even in the days of my boyhood, many Jews in the East End of London still literally obeyed the Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth . . ."

So it was hard to get any old Jew to pose for a portrait. He might be a beggar going round the Ghetto asking for alms, but you insulted him by asking him to be a model.

That is why, for centuries, Jews were prominent in music and even in the theatre.

Even to-day there is no living thing drawn or sculptured in a synagogue. Yes, it is in my lifetime that the Jew has freed himself from the literal interpretation of a commandment no doubt intended to prevent the Israelites from opposing the idea of one God, which Moses, the Lawgiver, gave to the world.

As it is still true of the synagogue, so it is true of the mosque. All the decorations are pure design. So are all Moorish works of art. The carpets do not copy, for instance, the shape of a leaf, or a tree, or an animal.

If you pick up a Berber carpet—the Berbers are not to the same extent influenced by Mohammedanism; some are pagans and some are Catholics—you find underneath it, if you turn it over, a small reproduction of a man and a woman. That is Adam and Eve, and it is, oh, so very daring!

A few Moorish artists have broken away from tradition. In the citadel of Tangier there is a small studio which exhibits outside the work of a Moor. He was once cook to the Laverys, who had a villa on the hillside.

"If Sir John can do it," thought the Moor, "so can I."

So he gave up his cook pots for an easel and some paints. And, really, his work is quite good. He paints people. And there are a few Moorish artists like that. But most of them go on copying the same designs.

A design is handed down in a family, I was told. Generation after generation goes on copying the same design, the children doing the simple part of the work and the adults finishing it off.

The Moor's sublime indifference to all the change going on around him—he still wears the same robes that his ancestors did in the days of Mahomet, and he still follows the same customs—is partly due to the fact that, behind his indifference, there is a feeling of superiority.

He sees Europeans rushing about, perturbed, pushing. And he remembers that, not many centuries ago, his Moorish ancestors were themselves masters of a great part of the world. What was, I suppose he thinks, might easily happen again.

Besides, if you can live on a few simple articles of diet, if you can squat on your haunches on the floor and rest on a cushion, well, why all the fuss and all the bother?

In Fez, there is now electric light, and a few Moors use the telephone—the French brought that—but, otherwise, it might be Baghdad, or Damascus in the days of Saladin.

The French say they have stamped out slavery. Certainly slaves are no longer sold in the market places, as they were only a few years ago. But slavery remains in the sense that people brought up to the idea of slavery are not economically free and therefore cannot leave the households of which they are part.

Sometimes, even in Tangier, you see a slave girl following her mistress's funeral. She is carrying, pinned on a long stick, her freedom. The mistress is dead and so she is free. But what will become of her under a system which, in an economic sense, is slavery still? When, in the big market place of Marrakesh, I saw some native dancers, my guide said to me, "They are slaves."

They were all Negroes, middle-aged or elderly, dancing about at the behest of a master. He had bought them, or someone had, when they were young, and there they are, still slaves in the sense that unless they went on working for him they could not eat.

And so poor is this great population, in spite of all French "progress," that you often see a small stall consisting of cracked bottles and unused tins, things that we would throw away on the dust heap. The poorest of our people would not do that.

Why anybody should buy them, you do not know. The whole stall would not be worth twopence. And then you see, near by, other stalls. On these there are for sale a few things that look like weeds, radishes so stringy that you wonder who would eat them . . .

And then the Moors complain that, while the French have brought railways and built roads, they have stolen many thousands of square miles of communal lands.

"Property is respected," say the French.

But, if there is any dispute about a piece of land, a Frenchman wishing to possess some, advertises his claim in a paper which the Moors never see and could not read if they did.

A Moor, properly defended by a lawyer, can still possess his land, but land belonging to a tribe is another thing. There are no title deeds. There is nothing to prove anything.

"It used to be ours," say the Moors. "Now we work in the fields for our French masters."

Lyautey, the great French coloniser, was a remarkable man. He started all the schemes of colonisation and, while he remained French, of course, he saw many things from the natives' point of view.

That was why they took him home to France and supplanted him—and that is why when he died and his body was taken back to Morocco, the whole native population turned out to do him honour.

I hear similar stories about our behaviour on the West Coast of Africa. Great administrators have been followed by mere officials. Much ameliorative work has been undone on the Gold Coast. When natives come here to complain, the Colonial Office will not listen.

Yes, the point of view of all these dispossessed "natives" is the point of view of our British ancestors in the days when the Romans conquered them. We did not like being conquered. Why should anybody else enjoy it?

SWAFFER IN AFRICA
Again Next Week

Lydia hesitated between an admiration and a contempt for her mistress

Dodo's Birthday

SHORT SHORT STORY BY

Germaine Beaumont

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNE ROCHESTER

TOWARDS midday Dodo's maid came back for the fourth time with the breakfast-tray, where for the fourth time the cook, alternately furious and resigned, had replaced cold and curdled chocolate with hot chocolate. This time Dodo condescended to open her eyes, which were young still, but coated with cosmetics. She stretched herself painfully, putting out arms that still looked young but ending in hands that contradicted them, and asked in a husky voice :

"What time is it, Lydia?"

"Past midday, madame."

"Great heavens! And my morning constitutional!"

"As madame only came home to bed at seven o'clock, madame could hardly go out again at eight for a walk."

"This is how one gets stout, my girl."

"Even if madame danced all night?"

Dodo, having indeed danced all night, felt a little reassured. But she energetically refused the chocolate. At sixty, in spite of her exertions, there was the constant danger of putting on weight. When the needle of her scales showed an increase of two ounces it was a matter for consternation. Kneaded by the masseur, pummelled by electric friction, bound up by Lydia, and painted by herself, Dodo hardly looked forty. But very few Christian martyrs had a more moving record of privation and endurance.

Lydia, who hesitated between admiration for such courage and contempt for such pitiable stubbornness, drew back the curtains, brought the hand-mirror, changed the chocolate for a glass of hot lemonade, and related the events of the morning. Six baskets of flowers had arrived, eight boxes of sweets, a number of small packages, and a large number of visiting-cards. Dodo had a great many friends and even a great many admirers.

"And," said Lydia finally, "a parcel came from Buenos Aires. I signed for it so as not to wake madame."

Dodo raised her eyebrows. She disliked mention of Buenos Aires. For a good many years her son had been living there. The best of sons indeed, devoted, assiduous, and thoughtful. But he was forty . . . and he had two daughters . . . and the thing that worried Dodo most, that was always about in the back of her mind, was that her forty-year-old son would pay a visit to Paris and that everybody would know that she was not only a mother, but a grandmother.

Dodo a grandmother! Horrors! She shivered. The parcel from Buenos Aires had a damping effect on the agreeable excitement of her birthday.

"My shoes, my dressing-gown, and my bath. And bring all the parcels. I don't want anything to eat. The masseur is coming at four o'clock."

Lydia obeyed in detail; and at two o'clock, no less tired after a tepid bath, her feet still swollen and her joints stiff, but painted to perfection, and shivering slightly in a diaphanous peignoir (an important point in keeping up an appearance is to do it when one is alone), Dodo took stock of her presents. She ended with the long box from Buenos Aires. She cut away the string and wrappings with a pair of scissors and came to a letter lying on the tissue paper underneath the lid.

"I wonder what Marcel has sent me this time. Generally it's a cheque."

She stopped to read the letter. "My dear mother,

You will receive a cheque as usual, with my love, but I wanted you first to get the children's present. They have been working at it for a long time, and they want me to explain that as it's their first serious piece of work, they hope their dear Granny won't be too critical. It's given them tremendous pleasure to do it, for although they've never seen you they talk of you with the utmost affection. Marcella, you remember, is now ten, and Helene eight . . ."

The "dear Granny" made Dodo writhe. Grimly, after that, she undid the paper to see what was in the box.

She found an enormous shawl of mauve wool and a pair of embroidered slippers. A present for an elderly lady and no mistake about it.

Her first impulse was to throw the offensive present out of the window; her second was to hide it from Lydia.

Finally, she went to her mirror to reassure herself . . . and came away from it slowly feeling anything but reassured. Ah, these mornings after parties, these awful wrinkles that crude daylight found out. this weariness that made her knees ache! She felt very cold. Without thinking what she was doing she went back to the shawl and put it round her half-bare shoulders.

Very soon she began to feel warmer. She sat down in her arm-chair and let the shawl nearly cover her. Then she told herself that it was unfair to try Marcella's shawl and to ignore Helene's slippers. She abandoned the high-heeled shoes that she had been limping about in, and put on the slippers. They were softly padded inside in mauve satin, and they were roomy and comfortable. The thick felt soles were a relief to her aching feet. And what a relief! How restful, how unbelievably comfortable, how utterly she could relax . . . !

When Lydia came to announce the masseur at four o'clock :

"Send him away," said Dodo. "Say I'll write to him."

And as Lydia made no move :

"Oh," said Dodo. "You're looking at my shawl and slippers. Aren't they beautiful? My granddaughters made them for me."

"Madame—is a—Madame—has granddaughters"

"Two. One ten and the other eight. They live with their father at Buenos Aires. Perfectly delightful children they must be. I'm longing to see them. I'm hoping my son will bring them over next Christmas. We'll make them an enormous Christmas tree."

She laughed with a pleasant crack in her voice. Her face was peacefully invaded by lines. She was sixty, unmistakeably.

Lydia stood and gaped.

"Madame—is not ill?"

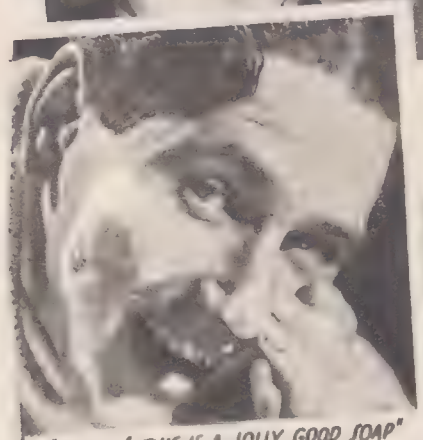
"Ill!" said Dodo. "For the first time for years I'm just beginning to feel really well."

IT'S AMAZING TO THINK THAT

THIS LOVELY TOILET SOAP COSTS ONLY 2d

"SO GOOD AND SO INEXPENSIVE"

"Eve really is a splendid soap. Just smell the perfume—isn't it lovely? And it's got a lather that feels like velvet on your skin. Only 2d too!"



"HELLO! THIS IS A JOLLY GOOD SOAP"

"Someone's been cutting a dash buying a soap like this! MOLLY, HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR EVE SOAP? —ONLY 2d!"

"SO SLEEPY... BUT EVE SOAP WILL FRESHEN ME UP"

"Come on—out of bed. Once you feel that lovely Eve lather on your face you'll be as fresh as springtime. I must get another tablet to-day."

Eve 2d A FULL SIZE TABLET TOILET SOAP

A SOAP YOU'LL LOVE, AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

EVE 44-528

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

THERE'S ONE GOOD THING ABOUT FILM ON TEETH

It lets you know it's there!

"I COULD ALWAYS FEEL THE FILM ON MY TEETH.. EVEN AFTER I'D BRUSHED THEM

BUT PEPSODENT HAS ENDED ALL THAT"

PEPSODENT, the famous film-removing tooth paste, now offers its supreme advantage at ordinary prices. And film-removal *is* a supreme advantage—it is the one thing necessary to restore the natural appearance of your teeth and keep them white.

Film is a slippery, viscous coating. Feel it with your tongue. It obscures the whiteness of your teeth and gradually hardens into tartar. Ordinary brushing and rinsing will not shift film. But Pepsodent with its special gritless polishing agent restores natural whiteness. What more could you ask? How much less are you getting? 36-E-B

NOW 1/- & 1/9

SILVIKRIN *DOES* GROW HAIR - - - - - - - Proof No. 1875 (Pudsey)

scalp in *APPALLING* CONDITION-

Hair now thick, lustrous and rich

MR. CHAPPELL, in describing the 'appalling condition' of his scalp (his letter is below) is describing *one of the first symptoms of hair starvation.* Dandruff, scurf, hair coming out on the comb—these things mean that the hair is not getting its natural food. And if it goes on being starved, the end is—baldness.

What *is* the hair's natural food?

In youth, the hair grows thick and healthy because the bloodstream in the scalp feeds it with *fourteen separate and distinct chemical compounds.* Directly this supply fails, baldness threatens.

It was Dr. Weidner's great contribution to science, first to discover exactly what these fourteen compounds were, and then to prepare them in a form the hair-root could absorb and use from external application. The result of Dr. Weidner's researches is Silvikrin. Silvikrin is the hair's *natural* food, so that if the root is still alive, Silvikrin is bound to make the hair grow.

What Doctors say

Silvikrin is not a secret formula. It has been submitted for test to doctors and hospitals. Their reception of it was amazing. Doctors praised the scientific way in which the problem of hair growth had been attacked, and were really enthusiastic when they proved for themselves that the problem had been solved. In fact, Professor Polland, the famous Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, got such astonishingly good results with Silvikrin that his report was sweeping in its praise. His remarks are quoted in full in the leaflet enclosed with every bottle of Silvikrin.

This is the experience, too, of thousands of people who have written to us. 'After trying scores of preparations' they write. 'Failure.' Then Silvikrin—success.

Read this typical case

'Dear Sirs, My scalp was in an appalling condition—dryness, redness, dandruff, falling hair, lack of lustre and life, colourless—dead generally. Now my scalp is clean and fresh, hair has ceased to come out. There is colour, lustre and a richness that I had almost despaired of obtaining again.' *L. Chappell, 23, Richardshaw Lane, Pudsey, Yorks.*

WHAT DO I NEED?

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—

Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION

•

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches.

To restore new hair-growth use the *concentrated* natural organic hair food—

Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN

Obtainable from all good chemists (including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites), hairdressers and stores.

The roots need feeding

How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is *this* that Silvikrin feeds.

Silvikrin does grow hair

32—F

SEND NO MONEY

WITH ORDER for THIS FAMOUS

NU-STYLE CORSELETTE

Just Pay Postman

1/- ON DELIVERY

Will give you that desirable slim figure and at the same time supply just the right amount of support, while the unique extending back, expanding and contracting with your every movement, will make you feel delightfully free and comfortable. In Pink Coutille with soft web net Brassiere, underbelt abdomen control, rustproof steels and four suspenders.

SEND NO MONEY—just complete Coupon, attach your name and address, and pay postman first payment of 1/- on delivery. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or MONEY REFUNDED.

No "riding up"

FULL PRICE 8/11

Balance payable in easy monthly instalments of 2/- if preferred.

NU-STYLE C.O.D. COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, C.O.D., at this week's Bargain Price of 8/11, an Ambron Nu-Style Model Corselette, to following measurements—

Bust..... Hips.....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust.

I will pay Postman, on delivery, first payment of 1/-, and will remit balance of 7/11, and 4d. to cover postage, either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once, unworn, you will return my deposit. Enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address.

Overseas, full cash only.

Passing Show, 28/3/36. No. 286

Post your Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON Ltd.

286, Ambron House,

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SEASON *that tests your* Health

by a DOCTOR

We sun-bathe in the summer to store up strength for the cold, wet days of winter. In spring our resistance is used up—hence the greater need for care.

THE season of Spring is, deceptively, the worst period of the year for sickness.

Any general practitioner will be able to confirm this by producing his visiting and consulting register for the first six months of the year. Beginning with a slight fall after the Christmas festivities are over, the sickness rate increases steadily from January to March, and often the month of May is the busiest time of the whole year.

Why should this be so? It is natural in us to surmise that when the longer days and the stronger suns and the balmier winds have influence the human being should be strengthened and not weakened by the climate. When the whole story is told, however, the trying days of waiting till the May be out are simply explained and easily understood.

To appreciate the position clearly, it is necessary to make some study of civilisation and of the evolution of Man. Certain very distinct factors emerge from the long history and research into the unique position of the human being in the animal world. The first is that despite all the apparently simple promptings of the instinct and the elementary guide-posts of Nature's hygienic laws, Man has sought to develop his mind and his body on artificial lines, going steadily away from his natural existence and building round him circumstances which keep him in an environment very much different from that devised by the Creator.

Second, the human being in anatomical make-up and in physiological function seems to have altered triflingly during thousands of years. The position in which we are at present is therefore one of an organism equipped for a certain environment struggling to maintain life in circumstances which are entirely foreign to him and with a machine that has become accommodated very slightly, if at all, to such a state of affairs.

But the third factor is probably the most important of all. The process of life is very difficult to explain. None of us remembers our first cry and none of us knows what happens when life's candle is snuffed out, but we are aware of the possession of some form of energy or power which responds to some instinctive urge, and the combination of urge and power means the property of being alive.

Whether we understand the motive of living or not does not necessarily concern us; we have an instinctive desire to use our vital force in two ways. The first is by movement, the second is by maintaining our bodies at a certain constant state of heat.

Life indeed boils itself down to a simple process of smouldering of the various chemicals that compose the body. We keep supplying fuel in the form of mixed food to keep the central furnace alive; we inhale a certain amount of oxygen into our bodies every few seconds, thus fanning the flames.

When anything goes wrong with our body-furnace, the reaction is one of ill-health. This is an elementary way of explanation, but it makes the point clear and unchallengeable that the ideal condition of health is directly governed by the steady maintenance of the heat of the body at its optimum temperature. In the case of the human being that heat is represented by 98.4 degrees on the Fahrenheit scale. Movement in various ways makes demands upon the heat-supply and therefore the fundamentals of movement and heat are very closely associated.

The next point for consideration is the question of the method adopted by civilised Man in order that he may survive in the atmosphere he has created for himself. In his desire for luxury, leisure and ease, the modern human being has lost all the arts and crafts of the natural life. He has resorted to protection against the elements, and has so done away with his early reactions to wind, rain, cold and heat.

Civilisation has made us soft, and we have to suffer from it.

But why should we suffer especially in the spring? There are various reasons for this. Most important of all is that which depends upon the state of our resistance to germs. Germs are a constant menace to our continued existence. We can keep them at bay only by maintaining the body cells, and more especially the blood cells, at a maximum state of efficiency, and that depends upon good digestion, good habits, and good food.

When the germ gets the upper hand, the response of the body is to increase the heat and to multiply many times the protective leucocytes, or white blood cells, which are the "policemen" of the system. It is a great effort, known as the reaction of fever, and it cannot be accomplished to the full unless the individual is possessed of certain reserves which have accumulated. But it should be remembered that there is no need to have any fight with the germ at all.

If we observe the simple hygienic rules of life, we are thus rendered immune to nearly all the wiles of a very intelligent enemy, and in common parlance, we keep fit.

Fitness thus results from abundance of fresh air, good food, regular work, regular play, ample sleep, and of course, steady maintenance of the temperature-level of the body. In the spring, however, we are like tired soldiers after a long siege. In August we came back from our holiday at the seaside or in the country, sun-tanned, warm-blooded, and full of the joy of living.

Then autumn came, and each successive month put the strain of Arctic Mondays and semi-tropical Tuesdays on us, and thus gave our temperature-regulating mechanism a hard task to keep up with the vagaries of the climate. We may have stood about waiting for a bus or tram and allowed our shoes and socks to become soaked. Forgetful of our lost faculty of accommodation to atmospheric temperature, we may have risked going out on a foggy day without a coat. Then meals may have been hurried so that we should not miss the beginning of the big film, or late suppers may have been the rule, in conjunction with a series of long nights of revelry.

The cold dreary nights and the short dark days when the sun was blotted out and so prevented from supplying us with the vital infra-red and ultra-violet rays have taken their toll of the weary human being, so very fatigued after his struggle against the ever-menacing germ ready to take advantage of the slightest weakness.

He survives till April or May, clinging to the belief that warmer days will tide him over. He sees the sun again, but forgets that the capricious wind may undo all its good in half-an-hour. He risks his body in elements which put a terrible strain on his heat-centres. He may shiver a little, but think nothing about it. It is the last straw, however, the last effort of the system to keep out the germ.

A microbic host seizes the citadel, plays temporary havoc, and enforces the victim to take to bed with spring catarrh or 'flu or whatever we may like to call these April chills. In a few days, all is well. The human being has made his effort, the germs are dead, the body is immunised against further attack.

With days lengthening, with sun higher in the heavens, with green in the hedgerows, and the may in bloom he can "cast his clouts." Soon he will be free of all thoughts of heat-supply or body-protection. Under the kindly sun he will tan his skin through flimsy garments and so laugh the germ to scorn.

Continuing

The ALTAR of the MOON

READ THIS FIRST

JERRY HARDY, mining graduate, arrives at an old home near Toronto in answer to an advertisement calling for a young man who has nothing to lose but his life. Here Cyrus Merton, crippled mining engineer, and Jerry's prospective employer, relates his story.

While at a health resort in the British Columbia mountains, named Harrison, three years previously, he met an old-timer, named Hodge, who showed him some pieces of quartz incredibly rich in gold which he had found near the foot of a peculiarly shaped mountain peak. A season's search showed the country around the peak and the mountain itself barren of anything resembling the rich quartz.

The following year Merton returns with his daughter, Janis, a capable outdoor girl aged 20, and with Hodge and Williams, a pilot, settles at the lake where Hodge has built two cabins. Hodge falls ill and Janis remains behind to nurse him, while Merton and Williams go prospecting and make a second camp. On their third night there they see in the distance a strangely shaped flame rise briefly from the face of the distant arrow-shaped peak. It appears curiously in conjunction with the rising moon. Unreasonably this sight worries them, causing them to fly back next afternoon to find their cabins and all possessions disappeared as if into thin air. Search reveals the body of Hodge with his head pulled off, evidently by something with appalling strength. There is no sign of Janis.

They start out in the seaplane for the settlement to wire for more seaplanes to come and help in a quick search, but nearing Harrison their seaplane crashes. Merton is permanently injured and Williams seriously hurt. The season ends before they are recovered.

The following year Merton returns to Harrison. Williams and another flyer as companion make a flight seeking Janis. After making one report they vanish at the time of the rising moon. Terribly worried Merton waits, but Williams and his companion never return,

Jerry accepts the job of trying to locate the missing girl and arrangements are made for the building of a special plane, which will be piloted by Louis, a young friend of Cyrus Merton. Now read on.

CAPTIVE of the APE MEN

by Francis Dickie

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN F. CLYMER

LATE in the afternoon at the beginning of the third week in July, Louis and Jerry, in a new, specially designed machine, went "taxiing" over the smooth surface of Harrison Lake. In a welter of white water the plane lifted and soared above the trees south and eastward toward where the arrow-head-like peak reared up from the shoulders of the mountains.

During a number of previous flights they had thoroughly tested the plane, had landed several times upon a little plateau lying about a quarter of a mile from the peak. Upon this plateau they now again landed shortly before sunset.

Leaving the machine they started along bench and ledge and rocky slope, climbing slowly toward the foot of the peak where the cliff sheered up to the peculiarly shaped ledge Merton had described. From somewhere above this, though apparently from the opposite face of the cliff, had blazed up once each year briefly that mysteriously returning flame to meet the rising full moon of July.

But Jerry and Louis had chosen this approach, after a flying exploration around the peak, as the most likely one to be used if the fire was created by someone arriving from below. Though how it could be done by any ordinary being was equally as puzzling as the source of the flame.

Dusk had given place to the half dark peculiar to the region in summer as Jerry and Louis neared their objective, that point at the base of the blunt arrow-head peak above which, for some forty feet in length, there was a ledge projecting at a height of about eighty feet from the foot of the peak. It was the first and only break of this kind in the few hundred feet of the queerly shaped projection.

Looking toward the now near looming bulk, Jerry felt, in that queer inexplainable way certainty about some things comes at times to a person, that the ledge with its protruding end of the basalt column was of importance in this mystery of the July night.

As they moved along the last of the slope leading to the narrow level stretch along the foot of the cliff, the protruding end of the fallen, rounded piece of basalt, jutting horizontally almost at a right angle from over the edge of the ledge for perhaps fifteen feet, showed against the blue of the night sky, the only clear-cut outline in all that dim mass of sheer cliff and broken rock face above.

But a few more steps and they dimly glimpsed, swinging downward from that jutting basalt column, two enormously long snake-like forms, so close in to the cliff face as to be as yet to their eyes the vaguest of outlines. At the same moment from above in the blackness of the ledge and peak broke hoarse harsh calls and queer short grunts, such as the men had never heard before in all their lives.

Jerry, a few steps in the lead, halted. His panting breath, his pounding heart, both abruptly stopped for a star-falling flash of time. Then breath and heart went on even faster; and through his hair and down his spine went that queer prickling sensation which has accompanied fear in man since the dawn of time. He was conscious of Louis at his shoulder; and sensed his terror from his gasped out: "What's that?"

Speechless they remained, eyes held by those two sinuous dark bands reaching upward through eighty feet of air to apparently wind about the jutting column. The sight of these two serpents, monstrous beyond the dreams of men, worked like a paralysing hypnotic spell. From these monsters, they now concluded the noises, were coming.

In a few seconds, however, even though against the upper blackness of ledge and peak face nothing could be made out, Jerry realised the queer cries were too scattered in nature; though even to himself the comparison sounded ridiculous, there was in the varying sounds coming from above something similar to a flock of birds settling for the night. As he listened intently he became conscious that the voicings were rapidly lessening in volume.

While the tingling in Jerry's hair and along his spine had given place to an almost frozen rigidity, he now conquered this. Drawing his automatic, he began slowly stepping toward those incredible upward-reaching serpents.

A dozen steps he forced himself forward. Suddenly conscious of no sound behind him, he looked about. Louis had not moved. Wordless, Jerry continued. His heart pounded so that he felt suffocated under the spell of awful fear; yet he went on with the steady unfaltering step of the truly brave.

One, two, ten, twenty steps. Abruptly he halted.

His breath went from him in a long relaxing sigh. His heart slowed toward normal. Seen now closer and at a different angle those so monstrous serpents showed between them thinner connecting cross-pieces hitherto unperceived. Still cautious against making undue sound, but with quickened step Jerry went to the foot of the ladder. With careful exploring fingers he felt along its lower length. The cables were of some heavy fibre, plaited as thick as a man's arm, the cross-pieces of the same material only much thinner.

Amazed at the immensity of this ladder, and marvelling how it could have been reared over the protruding basalt column eighty feet above, Jerry turned back. As he drew near to Louis, remembering that frightened men often did the most ridiculous things, he hissed warningly: "It's me."

Once more at Louis' side, Jerry made known his discovery, concluding: "The answer to the mystery is up there. Come on, let's climb."

But when they had reached the foot of the ladder, Louis said, in a manner he strove to make appear born of profound reasoning: "I don't think it's wise for both to go up at once. We don't know, something may be lurking around here. We mustn't leave the bottom of the ladder uncovered —I'll stay here and guard it."

Jerry realised that Louis, for all his reputation as a flyer, was not only a coward, but a pitifully arrant one. Without the grace to admit his fear, he hid it behind these words of apparent reasonableness.

Yet Jerry was bitterly aware this was not the moment to rouse Louis' anger against him by useless reproaches, for Louis, feeble and doubtful support as he now showed to be, still, for all, might be useful in whatever of unexpected the night's work presented.

While he had never thought of Louis in this particularly uncomplimentary light and though now, if ever in his life, he needed a partner of steely courage, Jerry was not unduly surprised. From the very first day of their meeting when Louis had seemed to resent Jerry's perfectly logical suggestions offered with the truest feeling of co-operation, Jerry had been conscious of an undercurrent of feeling in Louis antagonistic to him. It had been the more exasperating because so veiled, yet always there and taking effect in various ways.

Particularly in learning to fly, Jerry had, from puzzled dismay, soon recognised that Louis was witholding worthwhile aid as much as possible. Fortunately at the flying field near Toronto where they had spent three months, during which the specially designed machine was built and tested, Jerry had made the acquaintance of many pilots and mechanics.

A good mixer, keenly observant, a very ferret in bringing out important details, quick to learn, long remembering, and not afraid to ask questions, Jerry had made rapid strides in this new work he found more fascinating than his mining studies.

He had spent his own salary freely in lessons with other pilots.

It was during the last few weeks since their arrival at Harrison that Louis had more openly shown his dislike, and by various actions had unquestionably attempted to rouse Jerry to a flare-up. But each time when on the point of this, Jerry, by desperate control, had fought down the surging anger urging him to a settlement with his two good fists. Because, in the months of contact with Merton and Louis, he had observed how high Louis stood with Merton; had heard from Merton's own lips how high Louis stood in his esteem. After all, Merton had been a friend of Louis' father; had known the blond flyer when he was a child riding a wooden horse and brandishing a wooden sword on his father's nearby estate.

And so, Jerry, desperately needing the two hundred dollars a month salary, and too, fired by a tremendous eagerness to see this frightening situation to its solution, if such could be found, had disregarded all Louis' attempts and hindrance and obvious efforts to oust him, feeling sure that an attack on Louis was just the same as saying good-bye to his job, for he was under no illusion whose cause Merton would uphold in the event of a row.

He now turned his eyes up into the obscurity about the ledge. All was silent, the grunts and guttural voicings ceased as though their owners had melted into the mountain. Yet before Jerry's mind's eye there still came vision of dead men lying about upon the mountain side and the lake, men stripped, and headless in strange ferocious manner as though a strong and cruel man had torn off these as one might the head of a chicken.

To Louis he only said: "All right. You wait here and protect the ladder. Keep one hand continually holding on this side of the ladder. After I have reached the top and looked around and found out what's doing, I'll come back and give three little shakes to the rope. You'll feel the vibration. That'll be your signal everything's o.k. for you to come up. We must be careful not to make the slightest noise."

From where the ladder ended, each of its powerful fibre ropes extended on from where they reached the ground, and had been tightly wound around two enormous boulders, evidently moved into position for the purpose. This steadied the ladder immensely. and held it at sufficient of an angle to make climbing

(*Continued on page* 16)

He looked upon such a sight as no man in all modern recorded history had ever looked upon.

Continuing CAPTIVE *of the* APE MEN

easier. Yet by the time Jerry had climbed to where it was made fast to the basalt column, he was so tired he lay for several minutes with his stomach and chest across the top of the column, taking the weight off his aching legs and arms. Even to an airman, lying thus staring into eighty feet of darkness had a dizzying effect.

With his arms a little rested, he reached his right hand exploringly to the ledge. His fingers touched a loop of line evidently set in place from the ledge to aid the climber to haul clear of the ladder on to the ledge. His fingers closed tightly. He tested it. Then, very cautiously, to make no sound he drew himself upon the ledge. It was even darker here in the shadow of the peak. Slowly he began to raise himself erect, half way to his feet he halted abruptly. Sitting on his heels he gazed in astonishment at a low triangle of dim light coming, impossible as it seemed, from within the arrowhead peak. As his eyes grew accustomed from gazing through the darkness at this refracted light, he comprehended he was gazing into an entrance apparently leading to a cave well underneath the peak. The ledge, from its edge, sloped sharply down at an angle of about 30 degrees to the cliff face. And the surface between was cluttered with broken chunks of basalt.

As Jerry went along on hands and knees as the surest method of avoiding any possibility of making a clatter he understood, on coming to the deeply inset triangular entrance that such could very easily be overlooked from a plane; particularly as the largest piece of basalt fallen from the cliff above lay close to the entrance.

The opening showed wide enough to admit two people to enter abreast, but at the same time was so low he had to continue on all fours. A few feet within he came to a stop. Though light shone upon him from ahead it was dim. By the flaring quality it came evidently from a fire or fires situated at the end of the cave farthest from him and in such position or positions from the entrance that from where he crouched he could see nothing but a long narrow aisle. The stillness was now more puzzling after the numerous sounds of the few minutes before. Jerry, for all the uncertainty and desperateness of his position, was now fairly calm. His heart still beat fast, but no longer as previously when it had thumped so loud as to prevent him hearing clearly.

On hands and knees he went slowly, conscious as he did of a current of air flowing briskly from out of the cave. The triangular-shaped tunnel he judged was some forty feet long. When he had covered two-thirds of it, he sniffed the air. Unmistakably now was an odour. His mind went puzzling for a comparison. Ah, yes, it was like that one smelt near the animals when attending a circus.

That the odour was being carried to him was at least reassuring. If he could smell whatever was within, they, or it, could not smell him against that strongly outward flowing air current.

For the last five feet of the tunnel, Jerry held close to the right hand wall. As his eyes cleared the edge of the entrance, only the sense of his tremendous danger saved him from an outcry of wonder, for he looked upon such a sight as no man in all modern recorded history had ever looked upon.

From its low narrow entrance the cave opened up abruptly into a magnificent space huge as a cathedral, and so exactly alike in shape it seemed more the work of man than the enormous extension of a natural fissure in the rock which it undoubtedly was. And there, squatting upon the fairly even floor of the place, divided into two groups, one on either side of a narrow aisle, and filling every square inch of space were gathered perhaps three hundred hairy beings, their forms like men, yet not human; creatures as it were belonging to the beginning of time, a species of the dawn of the ages, troglodytes, incredibly huge, ferocious, their thick matting of short hair from head to heels as protective against rain and cold as the fur of the beasts of these mountains.

Jerry, even in his first amazed glance at this seated throng, was vividly impressed with the size of these beings that a few moments before he would have declared impossible. As he looked upon them, there came remembrance such is the queerness of the workings of the human mind, of an article read years before in a Sunday newspaper. It had told of a scientific expedition in the remote mountains of Lower California, finding the mummified remains of many huge forms, evidently a few of a race of giants which had roamed the land in pre-historic times. Now, undoubtedly, before Jerry was another branch of this race. Removed by two thousand miles to a still more remote region they survived; though æons of time had gone on when their kinsmen farther south had vanished before the advance of smaller but more intelligent and deadly races of men.

As this thought passed through Jerry's mind, the attitude of the entire gathering underwent a sudden change. From a fairly relaxed squatting they stiffened to attention and then simultaneously arose to their feet. It enabled Jerry for the first time to gauge their height with fair accuracy. The crowd averaged about seven and a half feet. He also noted that all those standing in the group on the left of the aisle were females. The right side was reserved to males. Among them towered here and there individuals taller than their companions by at least a foot. Jerry wondered why in all the crowd there was no sign of children. Every one here, though he noted a difference in age, was at least an adult.

At the farther end of the cave where, in a cathedral, would have been an altar, was reared in the form of an oblong about thirty feet in length, twenty broad and ten feet high, a pile of chunks of quartz varying in size from a walnut to a brick. The pile was beautifully symmetrical, proving what pains must have been taken with such uneven and varisized material to form it into this impressive block. At either end, and some four feet in front of this "altar" two small fires burned.

Even in their meagre light the massed white quartz so heavily grained with gold presented a colour contrast barbarously rich. The effect was doubly greater on Jerry. His experienced mind reeled at the staggering sum in dollars represented in these gathered pieces, raised in this queer place with such evidence of infinite care and vast toil. Every precious bit in that huge oblong must have unquestionably, as proved by the fruitless seeking of Merton and his companions, been transported tremendous distances.

Wide-eyed, fear forgotten in wondering amazement, Jerry's gaze swiftly took in further details of this hundred feet of cave length with its Gothic-like nave rising sharply to a height of perhaps three hundred feet, and narrowing at the farther end just beyond the altar. Here the great fissure, the split of which inside the mountain had created the cavern, narrowed to a long tube-shaped break reaching from the floor upward about half the height of the cave. This break was certainly not more than ten feet wide at the base, and maintained an almost even contour of line to where it ended in the bluntly curving end of the roof.

The break stood outlined dimly, yet sufficiently for Jerry to see that beyond was the night sky. And as he gazed upon the opening its shape recalled words Merton had repeated so often in describing the peak. Just as the shape of the peak, so in strikingly similar form was this opening, the edge of which he judged must come fairly close to the apex of the peak.

In the quarter of a minute occupied by Jerry's scanning the scene and his accompanying thoughts, the hairy men and women had stood rigidly. Now abruptly all fell to their knees. The silence was broken by their long deep voicing in unison :

"Oh ah ha, oh ah ha . . ." and all eyes were fixed upon the altar of quartz.

Above the edge of the ten foot high great oblong of quartz two grey haired males of the band, the tallest in all that tall assembly, appeared. Evidently mounting on steps, they reached the platform. Unlike the others they wore long robes of woven cedar bark. Each carried on his right arm a huge bundle of dry boughs held together by thin ropes of cedar bark. The bundles they deposited in the centre of the platform with motions of great ceremony. They disappeared below the level of the altar, to return again and again with more bundles until the columnar mound, very broad at the base to allow for the laying of bundles to form wide steps, each about four feet high upon which to stand, was raised some forty feet high. Each time as they appeared with a new load, the entire congregation voiced again in unison : "Oh, ah ha."

Even in this limited range of sounds the hairy men put so much expression of mystic feeling that Jerry was swayed by something of their emotion. He saw he had come upon them at a moment of some strange ceremonial, some seasonal rite probably as old as their world, a performance the more moving and vastly astonishing because carried out by such monsters apparently low in the mental scale that he would not have credited them of rising to such heights of imagination only from what he was now witnessing.

The pile of boughs completed, the two mighty, old men once more disappeared behind the altar. There was a long wait, during which the hush deepened over the gathering, a peculiar hush attendant upon expectancy. Suddenly from the hairy men came again their so often repeated cry : "Oh, ah, ha," but this time swelling louder, each word prolonged, rising into a high shrill pæan, a weird chanting, echoing eerily in the resounding vault.

As the sound rolled forth, the old men again mounted to the platform carrying a light stretcher. Over its whole length was heaped high a magnificent profusion of wood in full flower, but intended to burn. Mingled with the long stalks of this was the gleaming yellow white blooms from the spirella shrub. Upon the second of the benches of the pile of boughs the old men put down the stretcher with an air of great solemnity.

The brilliant colouring of the massed flowers topping the gleam of quartz and gold in the light of the two fires still filled Jerry's astonished eyes when, with a simultaneous movement amazingly swift, the two officiating tribesmen with a sweep of their arms flung the heaped flowers aside, the while the howl of the mob below rose its highest. Fortunately, for at the sight revealed, a cry escaped Jerry, unheard in the bellowing tumult.

Bound upon the stretcher, glaringly contrasting with the dark hairy bodies of the dawn men, gleamed the smooth white skin and long blonde hair of a woman.

And Jerry felt sure that Janis was found, apparently too late.

Fell silence, fearsomely impressive in suddenness.

Dumb with horror, Jerry crouched upon his knees. All this fanfare and flowers had been but a painfully deluding suggestion of beauty, brief interlude leading to some deed of hideous savagery. These monstrous half-men had imagination, but with it impulses far worse than the ordinary brute creation.

In the hanging stillness Jerry, looking upon the altar, saw too that the light outside the opening was growing brighter. And the moment the moon rose along the peak he remembered the mysterious fire leaped skyward.

That growing light had far greater significance for these others. In the dead silence the two old men took sticks from their robes. Dropping to their knees each began rotating one of these sticks upon a flat piece. Laid very close was a ball of loosely shredded cedar bark.

Such the stillness in this high-vaulted place, the faint creak and grating of the whirling firesticks sounded their preparation to that rising moon. A wisp of smoke curled from the fireboard at the left.

In the same instant a roar, swelling by reverberation in this confined space to a volume like thunder. The old man at the right pitched over with a suddenness almost comic. The roar repeated. The second fire-maker lurched over forward upon the floor of the altar. The newly born smoke of his firestick whisked away in the breeze from the opening.

Jerry, automatic still held resting in the niche of the rock that had made unfailing his aim so desperately needing to be accurate, paused, his further action awaiting the effect of the unexpected upon these troglodytes.

So confusing were the echoes, seeming to resound from every side, the hairy men stood motionless while they gazed all about them, large mouths gaping, out thrusting jaws working spasmodically in mingled fear and rising anger. Brutes perhaps they were, yet for all with perceptions swift and quick to adjust even to something so different from anything previous in this sacred hollow. Knowing nothing could come from that sheerness beyond the opening behind the altar, the entire three hundred, after the peculiar manner of wild things, swung about at the same moment and gazed toward the entrance to the cave, their nostrils distended striving to scent the enemy. Though against the outflowing current no informing odour could come they hesitated only a fraction of a second. Then with chorused snarling raced pell mell for the tunnel.

In that same instant Jerry went bounding in awkward yet fairly rapid four-legged gallop toward the rope. Hope had sprung, and with it a plan had answered as his eyes had taken in how everyone in that frightening band hurled themselves forward toward the tunnel.

NEXT WEEK :

Janis tells the story of her adventures.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"No, it isn't lumbago—he's just finished a three-months' run as the horse's hind legs in panto."

"Sorry, madam, your leopard spots have run—it's come back a tiger skin."

"The work has not been quite so good these last few posts, Stinchwhistle."

Referee's Wife: "*I've* come with him this time."

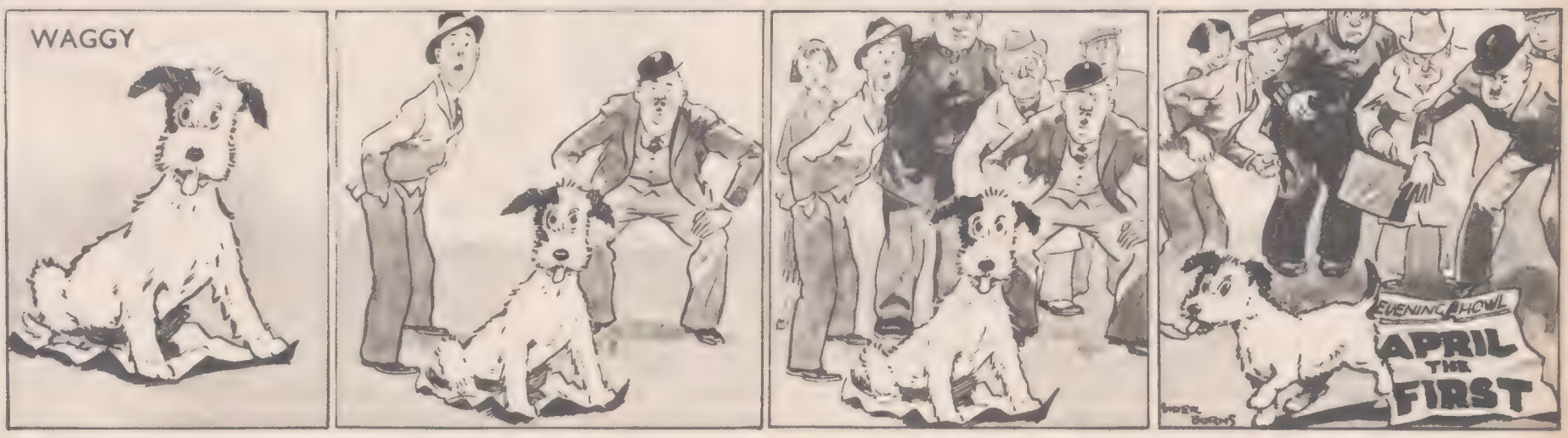
" Cuss this table tennis !"

" I always think fishing helps me to get right back to nature."

" Vandal ! Go and put that back at once."

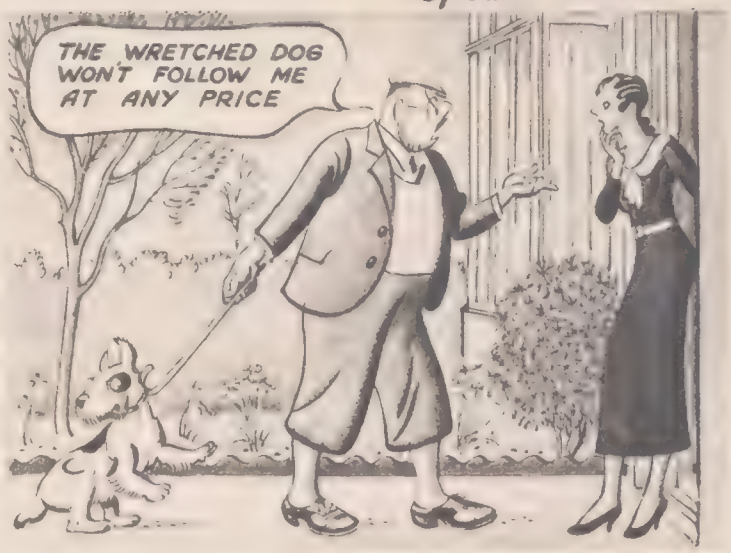
" Phew ! Closed it at last !"

" But, George, where's baby ?"

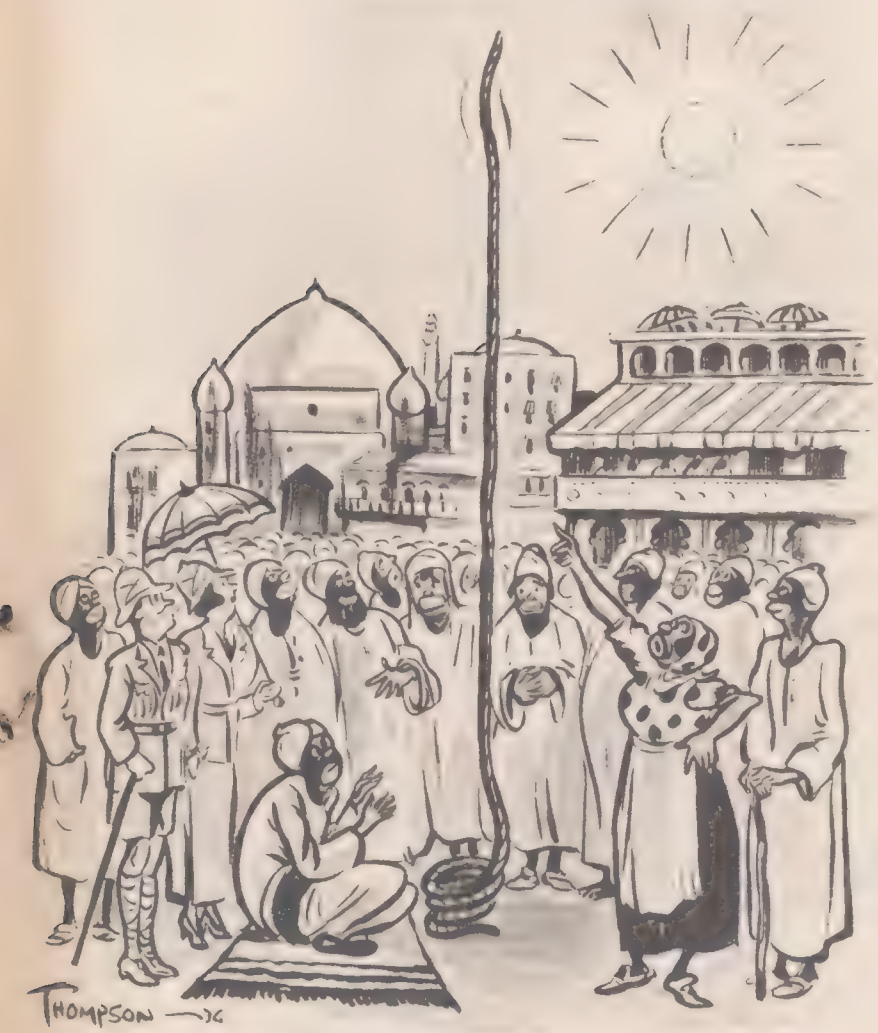


A MAN AND HIS DOG

by A. C. BARRETT



LAUGH WITH THE WORLD



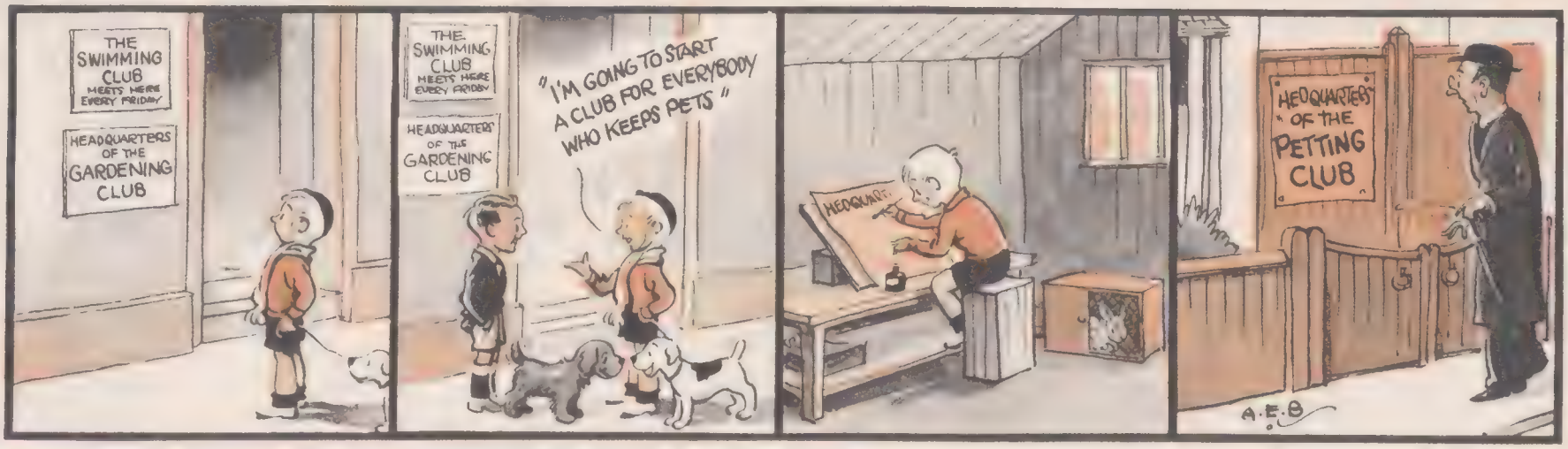
"You just come down and have your dinner while it's hot!"

"Tom, where is the glass of water I ordered half an hour ago?"
"I thought you were joking, sir."
Lustige Kolner Zeitung, Cologne.

"Poor old Hector! He never would believe that low flying was dangerous."
Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

"Mummy, which is the accelerator and which is the brake?"
Schweizer Illustrierte, Zurich.

CHIP



In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love"
Mary, Susie, Jane and Nancy.
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"Here are your buttons, sir; we'll let you know when we find your shirts."

OLD BILL

by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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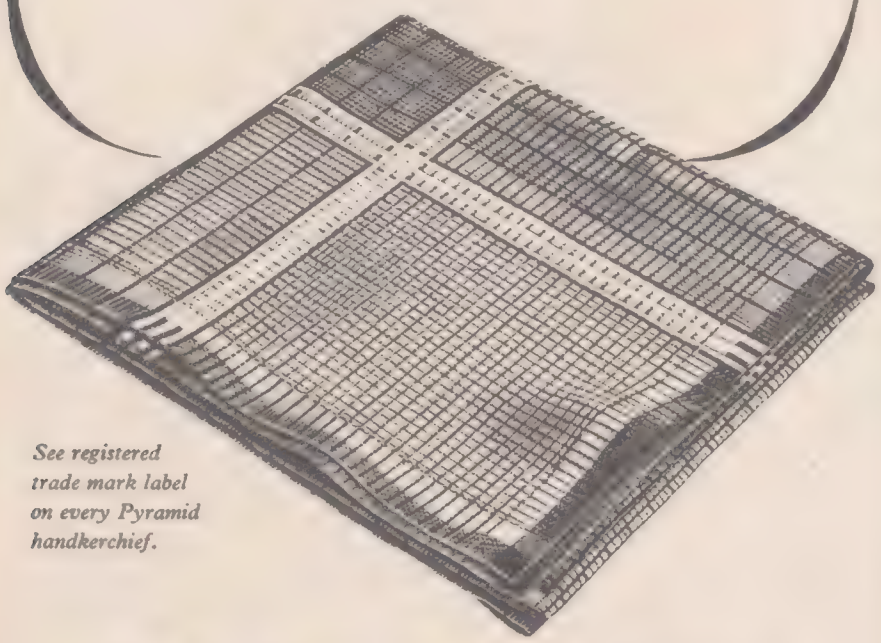

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—Originality	—Cheerfulness	—Presence of Mind

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COMPLETE STORY
by

George I. JOSEPH

Illustrated by Alfred Sindall

"NO, I'm sorry, but I don't wish to play poker," smiled Carstairs.

"The stakes are very small," urged the tall young man with the silky moustache and the receding chin.

"Even with that incentive, I don't wish to play, Blair. I'm sorry." His tone was decisive.

The other muttered peevishly and walked off.

A stout florid man with an extremely good-humoured face, who was seated on the other side of the fireplace, eyed Carstairs quizzically.

"Funny thing, Carstairs," boomed this gentleman striving to smooth out the grotesque bulges in his shirt front, "I've heard you refuse to play poker in this club at least a dozen times, yet you play Bridge, have a side bet on a game of billiards, drop an occasional quid on a horse, but never poker. Why don't you like the game?"

Carstairs looked into the dully glowing embers of the fire.

"It's not so much that I don't care for the game," he said slowly.

"I bet there's a story behind it," coaxed the large gentleman and then raised to voice to a passing steward, "two whiskies, Peters—doubles."

"This is bribery, Munro," smiled Carstairs.

"You know I'm a nosey-parker, Carstairs," pleaded Munro. "Come on. I know there's a story."

With his eyes still fixed on the dying fire, the other filled his pipe while his companion splashed a little soda into the two glasses of whisky that the steward had brought.

"Very well, Munro," he agreed and the stout gentleman sighed in anticipation. "All this happened a long time ago, longer than I really care to remember. I was in Canton, working for the British and Eastern Survey Corporation. My firm had obtained a contract with the Government for the laying down of a road from Malabar Bridge on the Ling Tse River to Kwing Chen which was then a rapidly expanding village. A mission had just been established there and the place was so central that it was becoming a trading depot for practically the whole of the North. The town, as you know, was destroyed by the floods about five years ago, but that doesn't affect the yarn.

Anyway (continued Carstairs), I was instructed to proceed to Kwing Chen and there carry out some preliminary surveys. I was to travel about a hundred miles up the Ling Tse, pick up another assistant and some instruments at Nang Cho where he had just finished a job and then proceed to Kwing Chen. It was my first important job and I can tell you that I felt pretty proud of myself. I set out with half a dozen boys in a sampan. It was May and the Ling Tse in May is absolute hell. The rains had been heavier than usual. The river was swollen, the water brown and heaving and full of debris, trees and a hundred and one things, the miracle being where the devil they'd all come from.

It was almost unbearably hot and the air was electric with the heat and full of t'sen flies that roar like an aeroplane engine, and they've sent more than one man mad. The banks of the river were covered with browning trees, dead flax and rushes, never changing until we'd travelled about fifty miles, when the vegetation came to an end and the banks were mud heaps, stinking like hell, and even the t'sen flies deserted us but the

WINNER *buys the* DRINKS

mosquitoes came instead, millions of 'em, laden with malaria. I dosed myself with quinine and gin and spent the days cursing myself for ever having left England, and wondering if I'd ever reach Kwing Chen alive.

The nights were even worse. During the day, the heat was dry and stabbing. At night, the air became heavy with a damp depressing fire that seemed to soak into your very soul. The darkness seemed interminable. Sleep was impossible as all night long pieces of driftwood battered the thin sides of the sampan. At night you could almost hear the heat as it poured down in a drowsy buzz. I spent those seemingly endless hours seated on the little deck smoking a pipe, listening to the toneless chant of the coolies and looking at the vague yellow moon which was like the round, wooden face of a giant Chinaman. I used to think what a soul-killing country it was and what a marvellous place dear old England was.

Progress was slow, damnably slow, and I was having trouble with the coolies. One of 'em contracted malaria and in spite of everything I could do, he died. The others reckoned that there was a curse on the sampan and wanted to leave. I threatened 'em with a gun and promised 'em a bonus and they grumbled and stayed. It took just over a week to travel that hundred miles, and I think one of the happiest moments in my life was when I got off that sampan and set my feet on land even though it was only mud that reached to my ankles. The country was a bit better now, rice fields and an occasional village of mud huts and undersized, almost naked Chinks who ran away and hid at my approach, but it was still hellishly hot.

Anyway, I managed to get to Nang Cho without any more adventures. Here I learnt that the assistant whom I was to pick up, had got tired of waiting and had gone on to Kwing Chen himself. It was no good cursing, but I felt damn angry over the business as my trip to the village had taken me several miles off my course to Kwing Chen. There was a fairly decent pub in the place, run by a Dutchman with two artificial legs—he'd lost 'em in the Boer War, a chap called Van Loos, quite a good fellow. So I decided to stay there the night.

There were a couple of other white men there. One was a tremendous mountain of a man by the name of Rimmers. His face reminded me of the front of a motor car. His head was quite bald except for a small, black tuft at the top, just like a carburetter cap. His small, bloodshot eyes peered through a large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles like giant headlamps and his lips were pendulous, fleshy and grey like a car's bumpers.

He was rather a dirty specimen attired in filthy ducks and the most battered panama hat I'd ever seen which he only removed to mop his bald pate. His shirt was open right down to his waist displaying an expanse of hairy, barrel chest. I've never seen a man drink more gin and show less signs of it, or heard a man with a stronger or more varied flood of foul language. He was continually shuffling a stained pack of cards with

"One of you must die," said the Chinaman. "A life for a life"

'Bilberry's is Best. Ask for Bilberry's' on the back, never playing a game but just shuffling and letting the cards run through his fingers as though he loved the touch of them.

The other was no less remarkable. Just as Rimmers was filthy in appearance and obscene, he was almost dandily attired in spotless ducks and most meticulous in his language. He was unusually tall and remarkably lean. His face was withered and colourless, curiously expressionless. I'd never seen such dead eyes in a man before. There was something even more repellent about the man than about Rimmers.

The latter referred to him as the Curate. It occurred to me that the man might have been a missionary who had kicked over the traces. I learnt that the two men weren't friends but had come to Nang Cho at different times. Rimmers had been there nearly a year—I suspected that he was hiding from something or somebody—the Curate for only a couple of months.

Rimmers and I spent the evening smoking and drinking gin and all the while he spoke he kept shuffling that filthy pack of cards. It took an effort to keep my eyes off his cracked, filth-rimmed fingernails. The curate sat alone in the far corner of the room, his face wooden, eyes fixed on as though I'll swear he didn't see us. I felt relieved when I succeeded in having Rimmers and making my way to the tiny, musty-smelling attic that the Dutchman had allotted to me.

Next morning as I was getting ready to depart, Rimmers and the Curate joined me and to my surprise asked if I would mind their accompanying me to Kwing Chen. I could hardly refuse. It was only a three day journey and, besides, the company of a couple of white men was desirable even though they were of the calibre of Rimmers and the mysterious Curate. And also, the pair had piqued my curiosity. Surely something human lurked under the Curate's phlegm. I almost doubted if the man experienced any human physical reactions at all.

Rimmers carried a large battered suitcase covered with steerage labels, Penang to Singapore, Rio to San Domingo, Bangkok to Ceylon, 'Frisco to Shanghai and dozens of others. The Curate carried no baggage at all but I noticed a heavy Colt strapped under his jacket. The other carried a heavy-bore rifle.

We made good time the first day. The boys were keen on getting to Kwing Chen; there was quite a decent road and the air was much cooler. I don't think that the Curate uttered a word that day, but Rimmers talked enough for six although his words were mostly curses.

We camped at night on the bank of a small stream. The Curate refused any food and stretched himself out on the ground, grunting a refusal to my offer of a blanket. I don't know whether he slept or not. Rimmers ate a tremendous meal and then produced his pack of cards. He saw that my eyes were fixed on the outstretched figure of the man who lay just within the firelight.

"Funny bloke, the Curate," he commented, dropping cards from one hand to the other.

"Do you know him well?" I asked.

"No better than you do. He blew into Nang Cho one day a couple of months ago without any boys or baggage and I have not swapped a dozen words with him—and it ain't been *my* fault. A clam's talkative compared to him. Funny bloke!

I lay awake that night listening to Rimmers' lusty snores, and as I gazed up at the sky that seemed clouded in a whispering grey mist, I wondered what strange tale lay in the heart of the strange silent man that lay beyond the crackling embers of the fire.

On the second day, the going became much more difficult. We had to cross a swamp, and the stench from the stagnant water was almost unbearable. Mosquitoes hovered over us in black swarms and Rimmers' curses came in a monotonous stream, but the Curate strode on, his face expressionless, using his topi to beat off the mosquitoes. In the afternoon, we came to a small hill and at the beginning of the ascent, I called a halt.

We were seated having a makeshift meal when it happened. A bullet whistled past my ear, and with a screech my boys leapt to their feet and scampered for cover. Another volley of shots whistled over our heads and I caught sight of some movement in the scrub ahead. Rimmers unslung his rifle and, swearing hoarsely, commenced to fire wildly into the undergrowth. Dangerous as the situation was, as though hypnotised I watched the Curate slowly unbutton his jacket, remove his heavy Colt and standing stiffly, fire at random. I pulled out the small Browning I carried and emptied the magazine in the direction I had seen the movement.

It was all over in a few minutes. I was grabbed from behind and at least half a dozen wooden-faced Chinks were on Rimmers, who tried to put up some kind of a fight, swearing lustily the while. The Curate submitted without a struggle. One of our shots at least had taken effect. A couple of assailants appeared carrying a limp body between them.

With rifles prodding into our backs, we were marched over the hill, Rimmers still cursing, and at last we came to a fairly large village of scattered mud huts. We were taken to what appeared to be the largest. Inside, the place was almost palatial. We were forced inside a small windowless room, the light pouring through a large shaft above. Outside, we heard the door being barred. The floor was covered with a thick carpet and the walls were hung with coloured tapestries. Some of them looked pretty old and there was one of the old Willow pattern that I've always remembered. There was an unpleasant stench of mould in the room and below the tapestries were stains where the damp had seeped in.

I looked at my companions. Rimmer had squatted on the floor and was flicking his eternal pack of cards. The Curate was leaning against the wall, intently studying the texture of one of the tapestries.

"What do you think they'll do to us?" I asked.

"I hate to think," said Rimmers.

"They might only hold us to ransom," I said hopefully.

"Ransom, hell!" muttered Rimmers. "Who the hell 'ud ransom me?" He laughed unpleasantly.

But the Curate said nothing.

Rimmers commenced shuffling his cards, muttering to himself about the ancestry and ultimate destination of all Chinks.

There came the sound of bars being drawn, and a moment later a Chinaman entered. He was attired in the traditional costume of a Chinese Mandarin. He looked like an animated Buddha, his face carrying little more expression. He bowed deeply to us each in turn, as though we were honoured guests. Rimmers looked up at him, grunted and continued to shuffle his cards.

"Gentlemen," said the Chinaman, and his English was perfect, "something very regrettable has happened."

"I should damn well think it has," growled Rimmers.

The Chinaman regarded him woodenly for a moment.

"In your resistance," he went on slowly, "one of you happened to kill my son, my only son."

"Well, he tried to kill us, didn't he?" muttered Rimmers, scraping the back of a card with a filth-rimmed fingernail.

"He was my only son," repeated the other tonelessly.

"Uh," grunted Rimmers, and picked up one of his cards that had fallen to the floor.

"One of you must die," continued the Chinaman. "A life for a life. I would kill you all but I need money. The other two will be held to ransom. I will leave you to decide which of you will die. I will return in half an hour."

He bowed to each of us again, and once more we were alone.

"Pleasant bloke," commented Rimmers, and ran the cards through his fingers.

The Curate had not spoken. He commenced to pace the floor, his colourless lips pursed. I don't mind admitting that I had the wind up. I was very young, and suddenly, in spite of the mosquitoes and the stink, life seemed pretty good to me. I broke out in a cold sweat.

"What are we going to do?" I cried.

"One of us is going to get shot," declared Rimmers imperturbably, still playing with the cards, "unless Confucius there prefers to kill him slowly, as he probably will. It was his son y'know, his only son. Pity it wasn't some coolie. No, it had to be his son, but life is like that." He sighed. "I've heard that these Chinks have got some clever ways of torture—the basket, y'know, where they cut pieces of your skin off and rub salt in, and a refined use of the bastinado. Pleasant blokes! Gawd bless 'em."

"For God's sake, shut up," I cried, "and stop playing with those cards."

Rimmers looked up at me, his little eyes winking in surprise behind his glasses.

"Keep a hold of yourself, son," he said.

"Which of us is it to be?" I said, a little more calmly.

"You two fight it out," said Rimmers pleasantly. "I don't mind going on living."

I turned to the Curate.

(*Continued on page* 24)

How She LOST FAT & Regained Health

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I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12st. to 8st. 7lbs.

I feel absolutely fit and well always, and ten years younger. My age is 36, and everybody tells me I do not look it, thanks to Silf for making me slim again. I can thoroughly recommend it and do so wherever I can.

I forgot to tell you my measurements were: Bust, 42ins.; Hips, 42ins.; and Waist, 34ins. Now my measurements are Bust, 34ins.; Hips, 36ins.; and Waist, 25ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference.

With everlasting thanks.

Yours sincerely,
(*Signed*) V. P.

HEALTH IMPROVES As FAT GOES

As "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets remove your fat, so also does your HEALTH IMPROVE! It is, therefore, unnecessary to live beneath a burden of fatness, running the grave risks, suffering the hourly distress which it inevitably entails. Whether your excessive weight is many stones or just the first few extra pounds, **whether you have been burdened for years or only just commenced to "put on weight," the action of "SILF" is just as wonderful.** It is the wise, the healthful, the SAFE way to slimness. Commence to take it to-day. You can do so with complete confidence.

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We guarantee that "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets are composed solely of Pure Vegetable Extracts and are prepared under the strict supervision of fully qualified Chemists. The fact that millions of boxes have already been sold is evidence of the harmlessness and suitability of this tried and tested formula.

7 Day's Trial

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

1/3 3/- and 5/- PER BOX

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39, Shaftesbury Avenue London, W.1

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

No more

Rheumatism

'What a wonderful remedy I have found!'

'I feel I must let you know what a wonderful remedy I have found in your Kruschen Salts for rheumatism. Eighteen months ago I was eaten up with shooting pains in every joint. The pains in my back were unbearable. I was under the doctor for some time, and had to take medicine and be rubbed twice a day, but got no relief. Then one day a friend recommended Kruschen Salts, and after taking two of the 1/9 bottles I found relief, so I still kept on with it, and now rheumatism is a thing of the past. The backache has left me entirely, and has never returned. You can make what use you like of this letter.'—G.S.P., Hounslow.

Stop your rheumatism *now!* Start on Kruschen *to-morrow*. It will dissolve away those needle-pointed crystals of uric acid which are the cause of all the trouble. It will also flush those *dissolved* crystals clean out of your system. Then, if you keep up 'the little daily dose' your inside will be so regular, so free from stagnating waste matter, that no such poisons as uric acid ever get the chance to accumulate again.

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. 'Take as much as will cover a sixpence every morning. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months. Get a bottle to-day.

Yes, Sir! **another Bright fellow**

has changed to

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So many people have dry-scalp and that means dandruff and falling hair. Later on—baldness. Cheer up! BRYLCREEM will turn the driest scalp into the healthiest and the 'shabbiest' hair into the most lustrous. Fixes the hair naturally by its natural blended oils and tonic-ingredients. Fine stuff—try it and become one of its enthusiasts!

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES 1/-

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Continuing

WINNER *buys the* DRINKS

"What are we to do?" I asked wildly.

He halted in his pacing and placed a hand on my arm.

"It's got to be one of us," he said, and I was surprised at the gentleness in his voice.

"But I don't want to die," I screamed. "I'm young, young, do you hear?"

Something in his eyes quietened me.

"Are you married?" asked Rimmers, looking up at me from his cards.

"No."

"Are you, Curate?"

"No."

"I am." There was pride in Rimmers' voice. "Tilly's her name. Lives in Canton. Not a bad kid either. Haven't seen her for a couple of years. Good old Tilly. She's got red hair and green eyes. Good looker. Funny, I've always had a weakness for women with red hair. Tilly was in a chop suey joint when I found her. Married her when I was drunk. Wonder how she's getting on. Poor old Tilly." He sighed and flicked the cards.

"We've got to decide," broke in the Curate's voice harshly.

"Fire ahead," invited Rimmers, "but I reckon married men should be cut out."

"You didn't think of that when you deserted her, did you?" demanded the Curate unexpectedly.

Rimmers looked up, mildly surprised.

"No sermon, now, Curate, "he admonished.

"You're going to take your chance with us," said the Curate firmly. "Give me those cards."

In surprise, the other obeyed. The Curate turned to me.

"Sit down," he ordered briefly and squatted down himself. "I'll deal a poker hand."

"Good idea," enthused Rimmers. "The worst hand is the sacrifice, eh?"

"No," said the Curate. "The one who holds the best hand pays the price."

"Suits me," shrugged Rimmers. "Winner buys the drinks, eh? I never had no luck at the game anyway."

"And you?" The Curate turned to me.

I nodded my head. My mouth was hot and dry.

"No buying," he said. "The best of the first hand dealt, goes."

He commenced to shuffle the cards. I watched his long, lean fingers as though hypnotised. He shuffled rather clumsily.

Slowly, the Curate commenced to deal, first to Rimmers and then to me. As each card fell, it was as though a hammer struck my heart. At last, after what seemed to me an eternity, five filthy cards lay before each of us. No one reached forward. There was a smile on Rimmers' lips but the Curate's face was expressionless.

"This is funny," said Rimmers and reached forward for his cards.

With a hand that trembled, I picked up the little pile before me and uttered a scream. I held two pairs, jacks and fours. Rimmers laughed.

"If no one can beat this, it's a dud pack," he cried.

He threw down a pair of threes and the seven, eight, nine of spades.

"First bit of luck I've ever had at the game," he cried gleefully.

The Curate picked up his cards and even as he regarded them, his face was expressionless.

"What are you holding, son?" demanded Rimmers.

Splinters of light danced before my eyes as I disclosed my hand. Rimmers whistled.

The Curate spoke.

"I'm afraid that I'm to be the scapegoat," he said, and for the first time, I saw him smile. He threw down a royal flush. For a moment I thought that I was about to faint. The room swayed about me and I closed my eyes. When I opened them, Rimmers was once more shuffling the cards and the Curate was leaning against the wall, his hands plunged into his pockets. Slowly he turned and looked at me.

"When will you be in Canton again?" he said.

"As soon as I get my job over. It'll take about three months."

"Will you deliver a note for me?"

"Of course."

He pulled a note book from his pocket and wrote for a few moments in silence. From somewhere on his person, he produced a dirty envelope, addressed it and handed it to me. Written in an incredibly neat hand, were the words, 'Inspector Beasley, Police Department, Canton.' The bars of the door were being drawn and hastily I placed the envelope in my pocket. The Chinaman entered. Once more he bowed.

"We have decided," said the Curate before the other had time to speak. "I am the one."

The Chinaman inclined his head.

"It is well," he said.

Without a glance at us, the Curate turned and with his head erect walked through the door.

The Chinaman looked at us for a moment in silence.

"Your friend is a brave man," he said and slowly padded away.

Rimmers looked up from his cards.

"Funny bloke—the Curate, I mean," he said. "He's got guts. Always liked a bloke with guts, I have."

A few minutes later there came to us a muted volley of shots.

"Good-bye, Curate," said Rimmers blithely.

"For God's sake, shut up," I cried and covered my face with my hands.

Two weeks later, both Rimmers and I were liberated. Our captor had been modest in his demands and our ransoms were paid without any trouble. Rimmers returned to Nang Cho and I went on to Kwing Chen.

The work took longer than I had anticipated, and it was not until nearly six months later that I returned to Canton. As soon as I arrived, I called at the Police Department and enquired for Inspector Beasley. I was ushered into the presence of a tall, iron-haired man with piercing blue eyes. I presented the Curate's note. Inspector Beasley read it and looked up at me.

"Do you know what's in here?" he asked.

"No."

He passed the piece of paper to me.

"Dear Beasley," I read, "there's no need to hunt me any more. This man will tell you what has happened. Leo Krell."

"What *did* happen?" asked Beasley.

When I had told him, he rose to his feet, opened a large cabinet and returned with a photo, the photo of a man in convict's uniform and underneath, the words "Sharper or Poker Face, Leo Krell, alias Thomas Lane, alias Parson Krell, etc., etc. Wanted for forgery, uttering, false pretences, counterfeiting, murder." It was the Curate. My mouth felt hot and dry. The Inspector took the photograph from my hand and regarded it reminiscently.

"'Sharper' was a wizard with a pack of cards," he said meditatively. "He could always deal himself the best hand. You could watch him as hard as you liked, too, and you'd never notice anything funny. He was a remarkable man in many ways."

"Who did he murder?" I asked, and I hardly recognised the voice as my own.

"The woman he was living with. A bad lot, but it was murder just the same. Woman by the name of Rimmers, Tilly Rimmers. Strangled her about nine months ago and then vanished."

I could not restrain a cry and, turning, I ran headlong from the room.

Funny thing, since then I've never played poker. I get a funny sensation in the pit of my stomach even when I see others playing. I know that I'd faint if anyone dealt me a flush. "Thanks, Munro; I'll have the same again."

IT MAY BE YOU!

THERE is a graphic instance of the strange workings of Fate in an accident which befell one of our readers recently. His day's work finished, he was hastening home to his family, and was actually walking up his own garden path when he stumbled on a loose stone and fell heavily, fracturing his right arm.

The only bright spot in this misfortune was the fact that he had filled in the simple Registration Forms for THE PASSING SHOW's Great Free Family Insurance Gift, so that a substantial cheque was promptly sent to him.

No fewer than 37 Benefits are incorporated in this Great Free Insurance. If you are not already a registered reader, turn to page 31 and fill in the Registration Forms *now*.

What it means to you— *by Francis Williams*

Great Little Industries

WHENEVER we hear of the "progress of British industry," we think instinctively of the vast primary trades which have for so long been the centre of our industrial history: of iron and steel, and shipbuilding, textiles, engineering.

Yet Britain's progress since the low level of the slump has by no means been confined to them. Actually, throughout the depression some of the least affected have been the smaller, so-called secondary industries, many of which have largely been built up during the past ten years or so and are advancing to new records every year.

An examination of the smaller industries provides some valuable evidence of real conditions in these islands, for it gives us a revealing cross-section of the changing habits of the people.

It shows, for example, that we are buying more motor-cars, using more gas and electricity, spending more on our own leisure and entertainment, getting more new clothes, travelling more frequently. That, in turn, means that there is more work for men and women engaged in supplying our needs, that some, at least, of the unemployment resulting from lost export markets is being balanced by increased activity here at home.

Look at some of these facts:

For every 100 private cars produced in this country ten years ago, 267 are being made to-day. In 1927, 800,000 private cars were registered in Britain; to-day the number is 1,333,000. So a quarter of a million workpeople are busy in designing, building, painting, selling cars.

In the distributive trade there has been an increase of more than 500,000 in the number of insured workpeople in less than eight years. In what we may call, for want of a better term, the "personal service" trades the increases, though smaller, have been just as significant.

Shorter working hours have meant more time to spend money and more willingness to spend it. So the number of workers engaged in providing for our entertainment and sport has been doubled in nine years. And net receipts from entertainment duty have risen from £5,729,000 in 1927 to £9,724,000 in 1935!

In hotels and boarding houses and clubs and restaurants there have been proportionate increases in activity, more money made, more people employed. The trades classified under the general title of "Food, Drink, Tobacco" have had their share, too, and here there are some more astronomical figures, a little bewildering in their vastness.

Three out of four adults in Britain, according to reliable estimates, now smoke ten cigarettes a day, which means a sale of 65,000,000,000 cigarettes a year! To meet that demand, bonded warehouses in various parts of the country on almost any day you care to choose will be found to have in stock some 450,000,000 lb. of unmanufactured and 350,000 lb. of manufactured tobaccos.

To round off this particular set of millions, it might be added that the Imperial Tobacco combine last year made a net profit of more than £10,000,000!

The lesson of all this is that the home market is one of such importance that it should be cultivated much more zealously than it has been in the past. Certainly, develop export trade—but don't forget the market on our doorstep.

For advice on current economic problems, write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

FREE!

I HAVE published an instructional book entitled "The International Way." This book is remarkable because it covers so much ground.

It shows how 20,000 pupils have been able to increase beyond their wildest dreams; how Norman Bourne defied the century-old bogey and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years. It tells how over 700 doctors and 27 police forces have used physical culture to their own benefit; how physical culture has saved eight lives.

It gives for the first time the remarkable career of the author from obscurity to World Wide Fame, and as you go through the pages you will be thrilled with the results of physical culture in a modern sense.

The Book is FREE but cost me a lot of money and when this first edition is exhausted you may be disappointed.

The Most Successful Course of All Time

RESULTS!

Some time ago, when I sent to "Health & Strength" 5,000 testimonials, the Editor of that paper, together with the editors of other principal journals in the country, acclaimed this Course to be "THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL TIME."

I now wonder, having produced proof of 24,438 testimonials received, what their present views are.

To readers nearly 25,000 expressions of opinion cannot be wrong, and still the International Course goes from success to success.

Seven hundred doctors, thirty-two titled personages and twenty-seven police forces use the International Course and testify to its value by results.

The point that concerns YOU is that the Course will do the same for you as it has done for thousands of others; no matter what your age or what methods you have tried before.

Age does not matter with the International Course, and should there be a case of weakening habits, there is no course known to give the same results as the International Course.

It is the Greatest Course for Results in this or any other Age.

FATHERS and Physical Culturists. I think every reader will agree that the new photograph of my son Eric is another "Staggering Result" for the International Course. His physique at 17 years of age, as here depicted, should be sufficient to convince anyone that the "International" does its work better than any other Course which has been offered at any time. You can have a development like this and the same unlimited energy and Radiant Health, and you can equip yourself with the qualities which demand success. Now, don't hesitate, the cost is so trifling in relation to the value received that you will ever refer to your enrolment as a Broom pupil as the best investment you ever made in your life. Just mail a card or the coupon below off to-day and you start on a New Life.

Eric Broom, *age 17, showing remarkable development gained on the "International Course."*

Read What These Journals Say:

The Editor of "Health and Strength" says: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these offices, and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says: "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth—and Mr. Broom is to be congratulated on the amazing results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."

The Editor of "Superman" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

The Editor of "Boxing" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 8,697 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountant's Certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

Here are a Few Testimonials taken at random from Thousands:

J. E. PEACH: Have increased all round with 6 lb. increase in weight.

G. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.

E. Carrington: I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.

J. Shackle, Keighley: It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.

J. Farraty, Margate: Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.

J. T. Carrick: Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.

L. D. O. Leo Gledhill, Halifax: Increases 12 lb. in weight.

S. Oliver, Lincoln: Gains 1¼ in. chest, 1 in. on each bicep and 100 per cent. improvement.

R. G. Steadman, Anfield: Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. bicep, 2 in. thigh and 3 in. calves.

L. Rose, Nottingham: Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep, 5 in. chest, 1½ in. neck, 2 in. forearm.

E. Harvey, Birmingham: Increases in 21 days, 11 lb., biceps 1½ in., etc., etc.

W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield: Gained 4 lb. in weight, 2½ in. chest, 1 in. each bicep.

R. McNeff, North Kensington: I have not only gained huge measurements but robust health. Gained 7 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in. forearm.

L. D. Smith, Plaistow: I have spent over £30 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the result with you for 30/-.

C. W. Turner, Consett: In the past month I have put on another 1 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.

P. A. Strutman, London: I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st. in weight.

L. C. O. Weir, Bedford: I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.

B. Penn: Increases 1 st. and ½ lb. and other measurements.

F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck, and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.

Gordon G. Long, Sittingbourne: Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1½ in., forearm, 1½ in.

The Broom International Course

consists of six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All-Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit. . . .

The Course really does give bulk in development . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test. . . . It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting . . . This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee. . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

SPECIAL OFFER, 30/- or 1/- WEEKLY

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." It's the Turning Point in Your Career

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Please send me a copy of your book "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY" and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE without obligation.

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Please write in block letters. P.S.

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FRESHER CIGARETTES—

not to mention the money you save

When we say that you will find Rothmans Cigarettes fresher than any you have ever tried, we do not simply let it go at that. The whole story can be summed up in *three days*. YESTERDAY the output of our blending rooms included over a dozen different brands of cigarettes. That is a typical day's production. The point of the Rothman Plan is that all these cigarettes will be sold within a day or two, and they will be sold to the public *direct*. TO-DAY you have the opportunity of obtaining a varied selection of the leading favourites among these cigarettes, to compare in your own way and to prove that Rothmans wholesale prices save you at least 20% by entirely eliminating middle profits. A coupon containing our special sampling offer appears below. Complete and post it to-day and — TOMORROW we shall be packing a hundred freshly-made cigarettes for dispatch to you by return. They will come to you straight from the blending-room in the attractive cabinet illustrated.

The Ambassador Sampling Cabinet contains 20 each of five different Virginia cigarettes — standard size and outsize, cork-tipped and plain — from popular favourites like Navy Cut (at 3/11 per 100) to Pall Mall De Luxe Virginia (5/10 per 100). The selection offers unusual value in itself at 4/9 post free, but if you still hesitate, just send for our enlightening book, Plan For Smoking. Complete the coupon now!

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TO ROTHMAN (FOLIO G10), PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1
Please send me by return your 64-page illustrated book PLAN FOR SMOKING.

**I also accept your offer of one AMBASSADOR SAMPLING CABINET of 100 Assorted Virginia Cigarettes at special introductory price of 4/9 post free, and enclose remittance.* *Strike out if not required.*

NAME & ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

" No one else can know your Ann as intimately as you do, learn her various smiles, roguish or sly, or cajoling. . . ."

THERE are fashions in motherhood as well as in other things. Take Mrs. Micawber. To us she is only a ridiculous figure, with her numerous brood, overflowing from her arms to her apron strings.

She probably committed every sin against the laws of health that the Welfare Centres come across, and she has gone utterly out of fashion. Yet some fifty years ago she was regarded by many people as an ideal mother.

She certainly had one quality which we newer fangled mothers have come perhaps to underestimate. Her love for her children was deep and abiding and, what is more, no one had taught her to be afraid to show it. She identified her life with theirs, felt with them in their sorrows and their joys, in a way for which David Copperfield was all his life profoundly grateful.

Those of us who have children of our own don't need to be told how easily they can get spoiled. Some children, too, seem to be born more "spoilable," that is more difficult, than others. There are all sorts of ways in which mishandling contributes to this, but it is a great mistake to think that love can do it.

An ever-present sympathy with child life with its roots deep in mother love can never spoil a child, nor can he have more of this than is good for him.

Supposing Mrs. Micawber happened to be re-born to-day. What would she find? She would be expected to make the habits of her unruly family fit a time-table. And what if she couldn't manage it? Would her tender heart and unquestionable devotion save her from blame? —not a bit of it. She would be told just what she ought to do about their food, their rest, their fresh air periods. Nothing would be forgotten.

Even, and this would puzzle Mrs. Micawber, a time would be fixed for caresses.

There would be instructions about what to do when baby cried, sucked his thumb, or showed himself unwilling in any way to obey rules laid down for him by a higher authority than his instincts.

But in spite of all this systematising, Mrs. Micawber would soon find herself in difficulties, just as we all do.

One child will go to sleep at six summer and winter and sleep like a top all night. Another will wake up in the middle of the night and behave as though it were time to get up, and only mother holding his hand will make it possible for him to doze off again. One will like spinach, another will throw it on the floor in disgust. Children, in fact, are as different one from another as Jack Sprat and his wife.

Now in any predicament, for every mother there is one infallible touchstone, her maternal intuition. If she has lost confidence in that, she will be all at sea in bringing up her family. If she is afraid to trust to it, book knowledge will not help her much.

A doctor's wife said, "When the children were little, I tried to bring them up according to the newest ideas. I felt I had to be an example to others. Mary sucked her thumb and I was told to put her arms in splints. She would scream with fury. It made me wretched, but I did it just the same."

Mary has grown into a moody and rather sullen girl of twelve, given to outbursts of rage on very slight provocation. It would have been better if her mother had burnt those splints, as she would have liked to do. The authorities may have threatened Mary with adenoids, a badly-shaped jaw, a mis-shapen thumb, and other horrors, but she would have sucked away in fat contentment, enjoying the comfort she needed and growing up with a happier temperament.

With children, the right attitude is everything. Not that every woman by virtue of her motherhood has this right attitude. Not by any means. If she has it, though, it springs out of her love and compensates for inevitable mistakes, such as we all make at times.

She may answer a few of Billy's intelligent questions with "You are too young to know," or "Don't bother me now, I'm busy." But if her feelings are of the right kind, Billy will not become difficult or sulky or apathetic because of such occasional ups and downs in his daily life.

There is no doubt that the movement to systematise the lives of infants was dictated by wise motives, even by sheer necessity. It was a swing of the pendulum away from sentimentality and ignorance.

Now things are better. The mortality among infants is lower and it is not only the robust who survive.

Six years ago I saw twin babies in a Welfare Centre, weighing perhaps a few pounds each, pitiful little skeletons with grey veined faces. One wouldn't have given them more than a day to live. To-day they are rosy, well-grown and vigorous, as alike as two peas. Ours is a generation which preserves its triplets, quadruplets, quintuplets. Achievements such as these

BACK *to* *Mother Love*

WOMAN to WOMAN

by Sophia Lauterbach

"Right from the start babies have personalities which refuse to fit . . . a schedule."

"Habits are useful only so long as they serve a purpose."

are something to be proud of and speak well for the system.

But there is another side to all this. The experts whose job it is to understand character development, the psychologists, realise that the pendulum has swung rather too far. Right from birth human babies have personalities of their own which refuse to fit with complete regularity a schedule laid down for The Child.

There is, in fact, no such person as "the child," but there are many individual children. There is, for instance, Tommy, who at a year will sit in his pram watching passers by, absorbed and quiet. Then there is Richard, who at the same age spends the morning throwing toys, pillows, blankets, out of his pram with hilarious shouts of "Hullo" to passers by.

Tom always looks tidy and presentable. Dick is a born scaramouche, eats his glove, undoes his coat, pulls his beret over his eyes.

It is a mistake to regard these differences as abnormal. They are important and valuable. No system is wholly good which ignores them and insists on a too slavish adherence to rules and habits and timetables.

Yet many mothers would like a rule of thumb to guide them. One hears the complaint, "It's all so difficult. Every magazine and newspaper gives advice about how to bring up your children. But what am I to do when Barbara screams every time she has to have her hair washed? Isn't there some simple way of putting a stop to it?"

Well, there is, of course, but the simplest way of dealing with children didn't turn out to be as effective in the long run as it had seemed at the time. "Spare the rod," etc., has quite rightly gone out of vogue.

This wish for a simple "cure-all" is only another result of standardisation as applied to the bringing up of children.

You can standardise the manufacture of furniture, the building of houses, the preparation of food products. There's no short cut with human beings. If you try it on them they have a disconcerting way of springing surprises. In the ideal home every new gadget will make things run smoother. Apply the gadget mentality to the rearing of children and it will only land you in difficulties.

For mothers there is only one injunction worth following and that is "Know your child," and the key to this natural wisdom is mother love.

"That's all very well," you may say. "But what about all this advice? One can't help taking notice of it, though it's often puzzling and sometimes contradictory."

I would say, by all means learn what you can. One doesn't suggest putting the clock back. It is as well to remember, however, that what you read are generalisations, however expert, to be checked by what you know of your own small son or daughter.

No one else can know your Ann as intimately as you do, learn her various smiles, roguish, or shy, or cajoling. No one else has quite your opportunity to interpret her different ways of weeping. All this advice on her daily routine is worth having, but it has, as it were, to pass through the filter of your own experience. Then it becomes really helpful.

It is true that experts often disagree in a way that is mystifying. Yet some things emerge on which there are no two opinions. I mention here only three of these important points on which most psychologists would be of one mind.

One is that the physical things that happen to a baby, such as feeding, teething, bodily control, have a profound effect on the development of his character. Therefore, if text-book advice and timetables don't appear to suit him, it may be wiser to regard them as suspect. There are children, in fact, whom grandmother's easy-going ways would suit better than scientific health precepts. A few "bad habits" may in the long run save your child from neurosis.

Secondly, fears of bad habits lasting or hopes that good ones may be lifelong, which are behind so much of this text-book rigidity, are quite groundless. They are based on a wrong conception of how the mind works and no psychologist of any school would support them nowadays.

We now know that habits are useful only so long as they serve a purpose. Otherwise they do not go deep and they tend, like rubber overshoes, to be discarded when the weather changes. A great deal of so-called naughtiness is nothing more than baby's healthy attempt to throw off a habit which is being pressed upon him.

SERVICE

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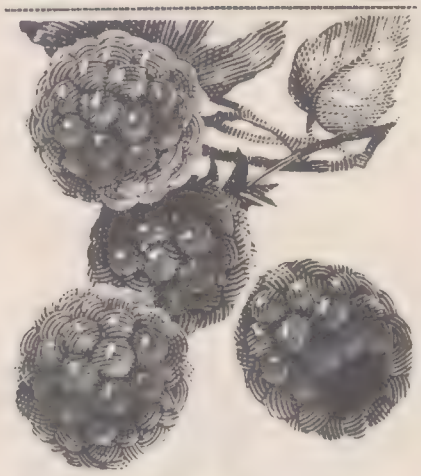

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Gar. R PS

CONCLUDING

Confessions of a FASHION KING

by Paul Poiret

● In which the famous dress designer seen above on tour with some of his mannequins, reveals the secret motives which govern the changing modes.

FOR several years after I went bankrupt I lived alone in the pretty countryside of the Ile de France and gradually accustomed myself to being poor. Indeed, I was surprised to find how happy one can be without money! It seemed to me that up to then I had lived through a fine adventure, for I have never been one of those who sit at the gambling table of life expecting to win all the time.

Why did I go bankrupt? That is too long a story to tell in full, but it began after the War when I owned three houses all under different names; "Frosine," a house of perfume, "Corine," a school of interior decoration, and "Poiret," my house of dress-making. As all three had been closed down during the War, it was my task when I arrived home to re-open and breathe new life into them—a difficult task even for a rich man, and as I had only 55,000 francs left with which to do it, I was obliged to summon outside help.

From then on I began my slow journey to the bankruptcy courts, until the day arrived when I was literally obliged to sell all I had in order to pay my debts and live; some of my pictures, incidentally, selling for the most astonishingly high prices.

I shall never regret those few years spent in poverty at my country cottage, and unwittingly my financial enemies have taught me much. Each day, from the freshness of my kitchen garden I prepared and cooked my own meals—for don't forget that cooking is for me, as for most Frenchmen, a fascinating pastime—and in the peace and serenity of the country I found a new happiness and peace of mind.

I did not feel poor; I felt rich.

I returned with passionate devotion to painting and again studied the art of colour and scents, making interesting experiments by drawing perfume from the leaves of certain plants and flowers, especially the geranium leaf from which I made a perfume I called "Borgia."

Then one day, an astrologer writing my horoscope, predicted that I would live until I was eighty-two, and this news filled me with alarm. Twenty-six years more! Activity was still humming in my brain; I felt the charm of life itself and, above all, that I had many dresses within me. So I decided to come back to Paris and somehow begin again. I felt that I was turning over a new page in my life and I gazed round me with curiosity to see what "to-day" was like.

Naturally, many people have asked me the same question: "What changes do you find in the modern world of fashion?" and so it is about these changes that I have decided to write in this final article. Through the PASSING SHOW I am able to talk to thousands of women all over England—for let me confess straight away that this article is going to be mainly for women.

To begin with the successes of 1936! Recently I came to London on business and was engaged by a celebrated firm in Regent Street—which for convenience we will name "Loyauté," to design some models for them at up-to-date moderate prices. The materials placed at my disposal were very, very old; many of them were tissues that had figured at the Exhibition of 1889! But this "game" of making something modern from old, fascinated and amused me, and without modesty I may say that my first fifteen models seemed to me to be very successful!

And I was delighted to be back again in England and once more among my old friends, including Lady Asquith.

As I strolled around the streets of your Capital, I noticed great changes in English-women. Twenty years ago I should probably have summed you up by stating that you were inclined to a general dowdiness, and lacking in the "sparkle" of your French contemporaries. To-day all this is changed: you have, in fact, arrived at a point of "chic-ness" which is excellent. I noticed especially the care and style of your hair, a point which before (forgive me) was lamentable!

Also, your taste in colour is very agreeably modified; you have acquired a natural grace, a distinction which places you in the first rank, and you have discovered the art of charm. Above all, the way in which you maintain your tradition of style and elegance both in your homes and at social functions, makes the English-woman to-day fashion's chief subject, and its most perfect representative.

I think one of the most striking changes I find to-day is the curious lack of any particular tendencies in the present fashion. At one time the crinoline, bustle, leg-of-mutton sleeves, or hobble skirt, announced to all the world what was the vogue of the moment. A stranger looking at you to-day would give up the problem in despair—he would have to hunt through the pages of a fashion journal to find the secrets of your mode.

In its place I see only a disastrous uniformity of dress, a "mass production" personality, and rows and rows of "uniforms" hanging in the shops, in Paris at "*Prix fixée* 150 *francs*," in England at some similar fixed price. . . .

Mind you, it is not the price I quarrel with—beauty is by no means confined to an expensive gown, and I am of the opinion that anyone with talent can make a beautiful thing from nothing, but there are other things, which I shall go on to explain.

First, let me answer the obvious question that will be raised: "Women to-day have to be economical; they cannot afford to spend so much money on their clothes." May I be frank and say at once that, from a life-time's careful observation I have discovered that when a woman *wants* to do a thing she *does* it, and finds the money somehow, even if it means a struggle! I see no signs of economy among the majority of women to-day.

Fur, for example, is not cheap, but I have never seen so much fur about as to-day. The truth is, I think, that the "fashion" to-day is to spend in the beauty parlour the money that used to be spent at the dressmakers, for woman pays very very dearly for her cosmetics, massages, and face-lifts.

If you do not believe me, let me quote facts. This last year the value of rouge produced was estimated at £200,000 up on the figure the year before, and the world bill for beautifying has been estimated at £1,000,000,000 yearly, and is still rising! Recently, too, I read that a man had divorced his wife because she spent more than £10,000 a year on cosmetics and beauty treatment, while I know at least six women in England who spend even more than that. These may be exceptional figures, but they show which way the wind is blowing.

Of course, I realise that there are hundreds of you to-day who wish to make the best of yourselves on a very small amount of money and I applaud you for doing so. "But how are we to do this?" you will very naturally ask. My advice to you is: Buy a few yards of some pretty material (to-day, one *can* buy beautiful material at modest prices), choose a pattern from a fashion journal, and make the dress yourself or get it made, as the case demands.

Choose a model that is easy to make, decide on simplicity of line and form (as nearly classical as possible) and wear something *suitable for your particular occasion*.

It is very important to learn to distinguish between what is theatrical and what is simply pretty, and over and over again I see appalling mistakes being made unnecessarily. A girl in an office, for instance, wearing some eccentric creation which she has probably read in the morning's gossip columns that lady so-and-so was wearing at a levée!

This may sound an exaggerated example, but believe me, it is not. I ask you to imagine for yourselves what you would think if you saw a workman going to his work in a Bond Street tailor-made! If you have learnt how to wear and "carry" your dress well, you have learnt a lot, for it is the first lesson my mannequins have to learn. A shop-girl wearing a simple dress correctly, produces far more effect than one of her clients over-dressed.

And pay close attention to the details of the dress you are making, for in my opinion, that is one of the greatest mistakes in these present-day "fixed-price" dresses with which I was quarrelling. Apart from the fact that quite often the material is bad, the details and accessories are horribly pretentious and misplaced—the choice of buttons, to quote only one instance, is usually quite wrong.

Do you realise that you are in danger of going round in a vicious circle? You are deliberately standardising yourselves. Very well then, the markets will provide you with standardised frocks, and soon the buying of your clothes will become as mechanical as the ordering of a uniform. Already there is a dreadful tendency for the buyers to put on the market only those models which will sell *en masse*, and consequently the houses set out to produce variations of their last year's successes,

(*Continued on page* 30)

My Prescription for Rheumatism

REMARKABLE RESULTS OF SWEDISH DISCOVERY

Dr. Gaertner Relates His Experience

"A QUILTED brown fabric was the description given to me in 1925 by a colleague who had achieved some remarkable results with the Radicura Packs.

"As a medical man specialising in rheumatic ailments, I was frequently discouraged at the slow progress made by my patients. All medicines I prescribed and various forms of electricity lacked continuity. I wanted something which day and

night would give an uninterrupted effect actually on the affected part.

"The Radicura Packs are a specially prepared activated fabric which emits deeply penetrating rays similar to those from an X-ray tube, but the process is so controlled that the treatment is quite harmless and can be used at home in perfect safety by the patient. The radiant Radicura Packs seemed to be the logical procedure for stubborn rheumatic and arthritic conditions, which are notoriously unyielding to ordinary measures. I therefore began an exhaustive clinical trial, of which the following two results are typical :—

"*Case* 6. *Mrs. H., aged* 60, *suffered years from rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders. Diets and special treatments gave no results. I prescribed a No.* 4 *Radicura Pack, and after a month there was a marked improvement, whilst after two months a complete cessation from pain. Five months later she was much better in general health, and there has been no recurrence of the trouble.*

"*Case* 13. *Mr. W., aged* 45, *suffered from polyarthritis of the right knee. I prescribed a No.* 6 *Radicura knee-pack, with which he persevered night and day for several weeks and became entirely free from pain.*

"After further similar experiences I became convinced that Radicura was the ideal treatment for rheumatic conditions which cannot be cleared up in a few days, when the onset has been months or even years. My findings were accepted by my colleagues, who, like myself, had no hesitation in publishing their results in medical journals for the benefit of the profession.

"It is my considered opinion, therefore, that in prescribing Radicura we have the means of combating all forms of rheumatic and arthritic conditions which have entirely failed to respond to orthodox measures."

(*Signed*) *Arthur Gaertner, M.D.*

In 1936—after 11 years—Radicura is proving consistently successful wherever it is employed. Those suffering from any Rheumatic or Arthritic complaint, including Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, stiff and swollen joints, should immediately write for a descriptive booklet entitled "Radicura and Your Health," which gives every information about the Radicura Packs, details and prices of the 25 shapes and sizes, as well as the full reports from Dr. Gaertner and the following :—

RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL MEN

Extracts from Articles Published in Medical Journals

Dr. Fraenkel **states that he was very satisfied with the quick results from Radicura in numerous cases of rheumatic origin.**

Dr. Falta reports excellent results with Radicura for chronic rheumatic and arthritic cases.

Dr. Arrom has used Radicura in conditions which had resisted all other treatments, yet with Radicura showed a noticeable improvement after the first day of application.

Dr. Cahn made special tests with Radicura and has expressed great satisfaction with the results achieved.

Professor Peter Bergell says : "My investigations into radiant therapy extending over 20 years definitely proves that the use of the Radicura Pack for rheumatic conditions is theoretically justified and proved by clinical experience."

Many other well-known physicians also have conclusively proved the value of Radicura for rheumatic troubles.

The following are typical of the reports received daily from clients who have regained health and happiness through Radicura, after suffering for years and using all kinds of treatments in an attempt to find relief.

Relief After 10 Years of Rheumatism

Olandsgatan 45 *A, Stockholm* (*Sweden*).

Sir,

Having contracted, during the summer of 1920, when on duty in damp ground, a severe cold followed by rheumatism in the legs, I almost lost the power of moving them during the following autumn, resulting in severe pains and a severely deformed right knee. I consulted ten doctors, here in Sweden as well as abroad. I took many powders and other medicines, as well as water, steam, light and diathermic baths, together with packings and irrigations, and various forms of massage. The whole business became most expensive, and there seemed no improvement. The years went by, and finally the doctors said that I should have to suffer from my complaint all my life.

Then it happened. At the end of 1925 a friend brought to my notice an advertisement of Radicura, and, as a last resort, I ordered a radium pack. True enough, I felt very sceptical about the whole matter; but anyhow, I made up my mind to go through a rational treatment according to the directions given and my own ideas. I do not know how it was, but after three weeks there was a relief, and before two months had passed I had entirely recovered. Since then—thus for three years—I have had no feeling of this complaint, which had tortured and worried me for such a long time. There is, however, every reason for me to be able, in good faith, to recommend Radicura to persons in the same predicament as myself.

(*Signed*) *Hjalmar Peters.*

Rheumatism Relief After 20 Years of Suffering

Smalley, near Derby.

Sir,

I am very glad to tell you I have received great benefit from your Radicura Pack. Mine was a bad crippling off and on about 20 years, and I have tried many things. I have recommended the packs to many people. You may use this letter in any way you wish. I am grateful.

(*Signed*) *P. Moore.*

Osteo-arthritis of 25 Years Standing

Browning Road, Worthing.

Sir,

I am an extreme case of osteo-arthritis in all my joints, and after over 25 years of intense suffering I have found wonderful relief by wearing the Radicura Packs day and night. I have tried many treatments—but nothing has relieved or given comfort like these Radicura Packs.

(*Signed*) *E. Pearson.*

Rheumatism of 30 Years Standing

Vargarden, Motala (*Sweden*).

Sir, 9/4/28.

I wish to tell you that I am now perfectly cured from my bad rheumatism, from which I have been suffering for thirty years, as well as from long-standing affection of the kidneys. I have thrown away much money on medicine to no use whatever. I have now worn the Radicura for sixteen weeks, sometimes on the back and occasionally round the feet. My kidneys are now sound and act perfectly.

I am going to recommend your Radicura Packs to everybody who suffers from the above complaints, but, in more severe cases, I recommend one of the larger packs to be used.

Mrs. Ida Holm.

HAPPY RELEASE FROM KNEE TROUBLES

Ten years' experience with the Radicura Packs in 18 countries has proved that in 7 cases out of 10 Rheumatism and Arthritis attack the knees with greater frequency than any other part. We know from long association that these distressing troubles can be tolerated in other parts of the body not subject to too much use, yet the knees, being constantly in motion and playing such an important part in the support of the trunk, soon show the least signs of affection—particularly with women. The specially shaped No. 6 Radicura knee-pack is about 11 inches long and 7 inches deep and is now accepted as the standard method of treatment for rheumatic and arthritic conditions of the knee. Not only is it warm and comforting—but the mechanical

support afforded also helps, and its constant use day and night through its radiant action soon gives speedy relief from pain, even in chronic and long-standing cases —flexibility and movement being speedily restored.

The following expressions of appreciation show what the constant application of Radicura really means—many more are quoted under the appropriate heading in the Radicura book. Mrs. G. V. Berg writes : "After using your Radicura knee-pack I am glad to say it has done me a very great good. I had a stiff knee for two years, was treated by four doctors, also massage and electricity, but all to absolutely no purpose. I am now quite free from pain and able to walk as well as ever." Mrs. C. Drews says : "I suffered for five years from severe pains in the right knee which specialists declared incurable. The Radicura knee-pack, even after a short time, gave very good results, and I am no longer troubled in any way with my knee."

SIMPLICITY ITSELF

If you suffer—or any relative or friend suffers from any rheumatic complaint—then Radicura is worth investigation. No drugs—no electricity—nothing to go wrong or be replaced or renewed.

The Packs last for years—always ready for use when required and the first cost is the only outlay—simply the wearing of a Radicura Pack on the affected part day and night means you will get better and stay better. Post the coupon for booklet to-day and be rid once and for all from these terrible and exhausting complaints.

Radicura is *not* a patent medicine; is different from anything you have tried before.

Radicura can be obtained from a few shillings direct from the manufacturers : Radicura-Radiwoll, Ltd., 116 Fairview Place, London, S.W.2, or to order through Boots the Chemists, Army & Navy Stores, Harrods, etc., but the booklet and price list should first be obtained so that the correct shape and size can be ordered. Use the coupon, or telephone TULse Hill 5540.

To Radicura-Radiwoll, Ltd.,
116 Fairview Place, London, S.W.2.

Please send, post free, your booklet.

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3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

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OR IT WON'T COST YOU A PENNY

CHILI BOUCHIER *says: "Your 'Slymlastik'*

Corsetry is quite the most sensible reducing idea I've seen. One can readily see that its massage-like action simply must persuade a slimmer outline and give the figure correct poise. I must certainly advise stouter women to give 'Slymlastik a trial."

THESE FAULTS CORRECTED IN 10 DAYS

Styles for every FIGURE TYPE requirement, in side or Front fastening and Step-in models.

I WANT YOU TO TEST MY NEW SLYMLASTIK (RAPIDE) HEALTH CORSET AT MY EXPENSE!

So many of my customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with my new Improved "Slymlastik" *RAPIDE* Reducing Corsetry that I want you to try it for 10 days at my expense!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

The new "Slymlastik" RAPIDE Corsetry is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. The large perforations form minute suction cups which work constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . their massage-like action gently and persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

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DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER - ACT TODAY

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this efficient belt will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the *wonderful* results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . including the postage!

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

To NURSE SINCLAIR (Dept. 66 2)
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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the "Slymlastik" Corsets, Belts and Brassiere and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. I enclose 1½d. stamp for postage. (Indicate with a cross on the diagram the figure fault which is yours.)

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If you are a martyr to sick headaches, biliousness, liver upsets and similar disorders, here is news that will cheer you. In the majority of cases the source of the trouble is the stomach, where nauseous gases accumulate and interfere with your digestion, poisoning the whole system and making you feel no good for anything.

Thousands of sufferers have put an end to all that misery by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the one w th the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. This proved remedy is gently laxative and helps to expel poisonous, clogging waste matter. Two or three doses are usually sufficient to put your stomach in a clean, healthy condition.

At the first sign of discomfort seek refuge in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You can always rely on speedy relief. Do not experiment with cheap substitutes: leave that to others. You can safely put your faith in the "signature" brand—powder or tablets—1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Never sold loose.

Continuing POIRET

instead of inventing new, and fashion remains stationary and anæmic.

Only a few weeks ago, a well-known business man wrote in the PASSING SHOW that "it was far more difficult to sell a thing than to make it. If you doubt this assertion," he continued, "set yourself to make a beautiful article, and having made it see how you fare when you try to sell it!"

That was true, and if you women continue to standardise yourselves in this way, you will so clog the machinery of fashion that designers will be too afraid and discouraged to create things of beauty for you any longer.

The extraordinary thing is that for some reason or another, you all *want* to look alike to-day! Stand at any busy street corner and you will soon see what I mean—dozens of you tripping along with your hair dyed the same colour, arranged in the same pattern of curls, the same hat perched at the same angle, and in a costume "repeated," perhaps, in six different colours. Really, you are losing the art of "dressing," you are simply "clothed!" Where is your individuality? You are becoming merely a "type."

It is partly, I must confess, the fault of the men! They are among the first to refuse to go out with their wife if she wears, say, a red hat or a golden dress. "Wearing that hat?" they remark with a little grimace, "you will attract attention again; have you nothing simpler?" And nothing pleases them more when they enter the restaurant than to notice that their wives are looking like other women present, because then they will no longer commit the deadly sin of "attracting attention."

I have not finished yet with your mistakes! Here is another point. The modern young girl has discovered a new interest in the care and physical culture of her body, and likes to wear closely fitting dresses accordingly.

"Streamline," I think you call it? All very good, and I approve! But please don't be so "self-conscious" about it! That is to say, I think you are in danger of becoming *over-confident* about your physical charms, of asserting yourselves too much, and that seriously spoils all your feminine grace and allure.

And another thing; I think your institutes of beauty are making a mistake in not teaching you how to smile—do you know that some of you resemble a grim fortress as you walk the streets, and the frown imprinted on your face is anything but attractive! This is a new tendency which I hope will not last long, as a woman should inspire only admiration.

It has been said too that this is the age of "sports-women." Will you forgive me if I disagree here? For I see many of you sitting about far too much in your cars instead of walking, and spending too much time in over-heated rooms.

There are three other things I am going to criticise. First, your make-up. The rouge on your lips is too excessive both in colour and quantity; and although I know that cosmetics date back to ancient times, and were used by Messalina and Cleopatra, don't forget that they were oriental, and that there is nothing to prove that they used the same rouge on their lips and cheeks as you! You are beginning to regard your lip-stick more as a habit, than in taste.

Then, your shoes. For every occasion you wear your high-heeled "court" shoes, which are open, and means that not only does your ankle have no support but on the contrary must bear the weight of the whole body, which is bad.

And lastly, some of you have become terribly careless in letting your body "go" too much—what we in France should call too much *laisser aller*. So much so, that sometimes one almost regrets the loss of the corset, for some of you do not even wear a belt, and that is a liberty of which you will greatly repent one day.

I do not think that the films have ever really influenced fashion, as is asserted by many to-day, for the reason that when a film is being prepared, not even the producer knows when it will be finished and released, so that the artiste's dresses are made "neutral" and can be worn at any period.

But without doubt the recent art exhibitions have considerably influenced the present vogue. Already in 1936 one sees the result of the Italian and Flemish exhibitions in Paris, in the little Florentine page hats, and no doubt the Chinese exhibition in London will have similar repercussions.

Which brings me to a question I am frequently asked: What is "fashion"? The usual assumption is, that it is the consecration of a definite type of garment which will replace for ever that which is being abandoned. This is wrong—it is simply a variation.

As far as the creator is concerned, fashion is a new æsthetic expression which seeks to set off those particular charms of woman which have not been emphasised by the preceding version. There have, for instance, been periods which hide a woman's hair, others which hide their legs, others seek to bury the arms, and so on.

Man, the only one of all the animals who discovered clothing, is obliged for his punishment to be like the Wandering Jew, forever changing it and never able to find a fixed formula! For fashion is as unstable as woman, and what to-day is considered as a *sine qua non* of fashion will be fancy dress in twenty years time, just as now we regard the mutton-chop whiskers and frock coats of our grandfathers as ridiculous.

If fashion is an intolerable dictatorship, then who or what, inspires the dictator? Why, you ladies!

And now I will whisper you a secret. You are made to think it is you, but in reality you do not know to what degree you are at the despot's mercy! When a woman chooses a dress she thinks she is exercising her own free will, but she is deceiving herself because her will is inspired by the king of fashion.

Naturally you will say, "He is exaggerating; we are not the slaves of fashion to that extent; we know how to please ourselves." Yes, but that is the miracle. You women evolve unconsciously, and fashion is so seductive a dictator that women are always somehow of the same opinion as fashion, and always pleased by it.

You always think, too, that your fashions of the moment are more practical than any that have gone before and that you are wearing clothes inspired by necessity. It is the exact contrary! Fashion finds a malicious delight in being illogical. Do you remember that in the period of sedan chairs you clothed yourselves in spreading paniers, and in the period of uncomfortable diligences you wore crinolines?

That you have worn velvet hats in August, "off-the-head" toques in the burning sun, fox furs on light dresses, straw hats in February, hats held on by a wisp of elastic in the March winds, and so on?

Never cry out that something not admitted to-day is a "scandal"; because to-morrow it will be accepted. Was there one woman, who, fifty years ago, would have worn pink or beige stockings? All stockings then were compulsorily black, and in 1840 white. Go and look for some black or white stockings to-day! A journalist once asked me "What will they be to-morrow?"

"I see no reason," I replied, "why they may not be one colour on one leg and another on the other."

You would laugh if you saw a woman walking down Piccadilly to-day in a bustle, and still more so if you saw her in the garment that will be yours in twenty years time! Your grandmothers cried out in horror when they first saw you becoming so *masculine* as to wear pyjamas. To-day you wear them for lunch, and variants on the same theme for dinner.

A creative dressmaker is accustomed to foresee, and must be able to divine the trends that will inspire the day after to-morrow, so that he is prepared, long before the women themselves: to accept the accidents and incidents of evolution.

We are not guided by a blind whim which suddenly makes us decide on waking up one morning to abolish collars, or make sleeves swell. We are far more the blind servants of woman herself, whom we know to be always thirsting for change and novelty.

So we watch carefully, and try to anticipate the moment when she becomes tired of what she is wearing, and at that psychological moment show her what we have prepared. For myself, I have always lived in the future, and fashion of to-morrow has always seemed more lovely to me than that of to-day. So that when one vogue is in, I dream of overthrowing it to establish something even better.

When a creator thinks of a creation, it is at the same moment dreamed and realised. But he does not always profit from it, because a new thing ripens slowly, and the public has to reflect for a long time in order to understand it. Even in a modern country like England, it is wise to begin several years in advance, so that on the day it is launched it will no longer be new.

If I was to prophesy to-day that long skirts were dead and short ones coming, anxiety would be felt and the sceptics smile, while as for woman she would immediately assemble to make a common protest, and swear *never* to wear short skirts! But all her protests would be in vain, because it would not have been a caprice with me—it is the curve of evolution that decides and the designers—like the astronomers—see through their telescopes.

When I suppressed petticoats in 1903, the silk manufacturers sent a deputation to me to protest that I was doing their industry an injury, even more so by making skirts narrower. But in reality I was simply executing woman's desires, divined before she knew it herself. Very few people know how to recognise the indications which announce the end of a fashion.

For instance, when I announced that hats would henceforth be quite plain, it was because I saw that they were then covered with foliage, flowers, fruit, feathers, and ribbons, and as soon as fashion reaches an excess it is the end. I deplored, and still deplore, this change—but what can one do against a woman's wish?

It was the same when I announced the fall of the corset. Presidents of Chambers of Commerce pointed out to me that I was putting swarms of work-girls on the streets, and I had to explain to them that women and their stays had transformed themselves throughout history, and they would go on transforming themselves.

Finally, when I announced to the hairdressers that women would cut their hair short, they thought me a kind of Anti-Christ, and did not reckon what the result would be. For, of course, short hair is much more difficult to manage than long hair, and women don't get out of it with a permanent wave; they have to closet themselves for long hours with the hairdresser, whose profession has never been so prosperous!

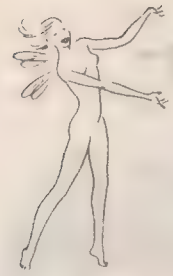
Naturally I could not predict now what is going to be the fashion of the future—I must not, even if I could! Outside events, too, have a way of indirectly interfering with fashion's whims, especially political events. The affair of Stavisky, for instance, and all its repercussions, has very subtly threaded its way even into woman's world in Paris, and accounted for many changes.

But I do believe that in the future the tendency will—more and more—be inspired by classic simplicity of line, perhaps neo-Greek, for I believe that it will be necessary to return to the sources of primitive Art in order to find a really lasting purity and beauty of style.

A sincere couturier should try to divorce the birth of his creations from the £.s.d. which they are finally to produce. When he is not creating he should try to furnish his mind as one embellishes and furnishes a house, and accumulate artistic riches from museums not only of his own country but from all over the world, and from all the beauties of nature.

I am pleased to be actively creating once more, and I have, too, many fresh ideas for the future. One, which I hope soon to materialise, is the constructing of a house for children (who are the natural poets of the world), where they will be able to see and assimilate all that is beautiful, and where all the resources of modern science will be directed towards the service of beauty.

Is it presumptuous of me if I add too, that I hope soon to astonish Europe, and show them something which they have never seen before?



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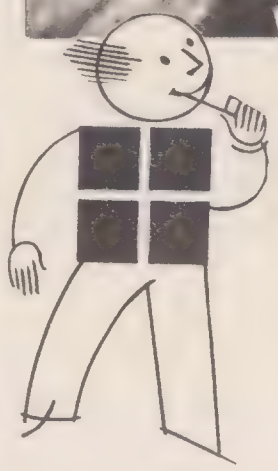

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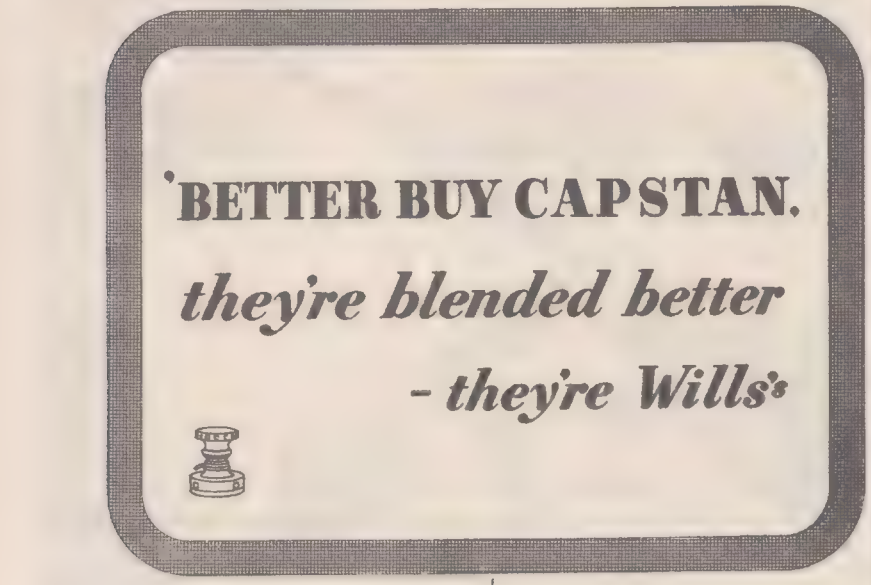

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Principals in this strange story—Sonny, an Esquimaux, and Cargil

MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

OF course, I had heard of moccasin telegraph. Sergeant Anderton, commanding the Herschel Island detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, spoke about it the first day I landed.

Big, bulky, he met me on the doorstep of the barracks.

"I knew you were on your way," his voice boomed.

I looked up, startled. After all, Herschel Island—a bleak, storm-swept rock, sticking out of the Arctic Ocean—is 200 miles North of the Arctic circle and nearly 1,800 miles North of the nearest railway. In those days airplanes and wireless had not penetrated that far north. The only means of communication existing then were dog teams. And it took them fifty days to cover the distance between Herschel and the outside world.

As I had covered the distance in a little over forty days, coming direct from Edmonton, Alberta, with the mail, I felt the news of my coming could not have preceded me.

So I looked up, startled.

Anderton was grinning.

"Moccasin Telegraph," he explained casually. "A Husky told me." A Husky, in the plain language of the Canadian north, is an Eskimo.

Was Anderton pulling my leg?

I did not know. But mentally I relegated his bit of information to the category of pink snow and ice worms and such other strange things of the North with which old-timers are wont to enjoy life at the expense of the uninitiated.

"I imagine it must be mental telepathy," Anderton explained, seeing my incredulous look. "That's the only way I can account for it. We've had several instances. Constable Duke died a thousand miles away from here two years ago. We heard a rumour. In the spring, when we checked the dates, we found that the rumour spread here the same day that Duke died at Bailley Island."

"Oh, yeah!" I said, mentally.

But two years later the existence of moccasin telegraph was brought home to me with staggering force.

It was a bitterly cold day. I say day, although an Arctic day in February consists of dim twilight between the hours of 11.30 and 12.30. A wild Arctic gale howled and moaned outside, shaking the barracks, whipping the powdery snow, driving it into thirty-foot drifts. Three of us sat huddled around a stove, trying to keep warm.

We sat silently. Everything worth saying had been said over and over again during the past two years, until we were sick of hearing each other's voices.

Anderton slept. His feet rested on a table, his chin on his massive chest. Constable Millen—since shot by a crazed trapper and left to die in the snow—gazed moodily into the fire. Idly, I turned the thumbed pages of a two-year-old magazine, reading advertisements.

Outside, a dog howled, his voice blending into the moan of the wind. Soon another joined him; and then another. At first low and mournful, their voices rose in pitch and were lost in weird harmony with the driving gale.

Anderton grunted, and then woke up with a snort. "Damn the dogs!" he muttered. Soon, his steady snoring filled the room again.

Suddenly Millen sat up, listening.

I listened, too. And all I heard was the moaning wind whipping around the barracks, and the howling dogs.

Millen got up and walked over to the door. He opened it, and a wild gust drove a cloud of snow into the room. The wind shrieked louder.

Then I heard bells. Faint and distant. Then a voice, urging the dogs.

Millen's eyes danced with excitement. A visitor! In the dead of winter!—it was something that happened once, twice a year.

The bells grew louder, closer. Straining my eyes into the gloom, I saw a team of dogs come swinging off the frozen ocean, urged incessantly by a rasping voice.

"Mush! Mush!" he yelled, and the

TRUE LIFE STORIES

wicked whip lashed and curled above the pointed ears of his dogs. "Wow . . . Wow," and the dogs came to a stop outside the door, collapsing in their harness, panting, licking thirstily at the snow.

The man bent over his sled, and then straightened up.

He was carrying someone.

"Hello, Cargil." Anderton stretched out his hand.

"Andy," Cargil was saying, "I've just made it from Demarcation Point. I've been going night and day. It's . . ." and his voice choked a little " . . . it's Sonny. He's ill."

We laid the boy on a bed. Undressed him. Rubbed his bluish hands and feet. He might have been five years old. Fair, curly hair. White, pale face.

I could see he was ill; terribly ill.

Anderton sent Millen into the kitchen to get some hot milk. It was only tinned milk, but still. . . .

We took the boy's temperature. It was high, although his hands and feet were ice-cold. His father stood by, watching anxiously, while Anderton's huge hands felt the beating pulse. . . .

Then he asked Cargil a few questions.

It was a brief story. Sonny had taken ill a few days ago. A violent stomach ache, Cargil explained. They gave him castor oil. The pains got worse. Cargil's young wife, whom he married in Edmonton and brought with him to Demarcation Point where he was trapping, was frantic with fear. So Cargil hitched up his dogs and, with Sonny in the sled, wrapped up in blankets, started out for Herschel Island. He drove the hundred miles without a stop, covering the distance in two days. Now. . . .

"Appendicitis," Anderton said.

I saw Cargil's face go white as death. That meant an operation, a simple thing when there is a hospital within a few miles. But the nearest doctor was at Aklavick, 200 miles away; two hundred miles of snow and ice, lashed by an Arctic blizzard.

"As long as his temperature is high, there is a chance," Anderton was saying. "But if it drops. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders.

Anderton was thinking of peritonitis.

"My dogs are all in, Andy," Cargil said. "They couldn't make Aklavick—in time."

Anderton thought for a moment. Then Millen came in, with steaming milk.

"Come on, boys," Anderton said. "One of us is slated for a trip to Aklavick. We'll draw lots for it."

He rolled up three pieces of paper. Put them into a hat. I stretched my hand and pulled one out. Millen did the same. Then Anderton.

Cargil reached out, too, but Anderton waved him away. "This will take a fresh man," he told him, "if you want your son to live. You've done a hundred miles already."

I looked at my piece of paper. It was marked with a cross. Without a word I rose and went into my room to dress. Millen went out to hitch up my dogs. Anderton packed my food rations.

In a few minutes I was ready.

Then, while Cargil was wrapping Sonny, Anderton motioned me aside. "You'll have to go like hell," he said, "to save the kid's life. He might last another two or three days. Then his appendix will burst.

"Not enough time for you to follow the river route," he added.

The river route was the regular trail from Herschel to Aklavick. It was a roundabout way, but safest and easiest to follow. The other alternative was cross-country; over trackless tundra; through heavy bush; over mountain passes.

It was the shorter way and, given good weather, could be done in two days.

In bad weather, men got lost.

"You've made the trip before," Andertonwas saying. "If the blizzard blows over by the time you reach Old Crow Pass, you'll be all right. Anyway, the best of luck. . . ."

He held out his hand.

"Andy," I gripped it. "Suppose Doc Fitzgerald is away from Aklavick. On a patrol, or something ?"

"Got to take that chance," he replied.

In a few minutes I headed my dogs South, over the twenty miles of frozen ocean that separated Herschel Island from the towering cliffs of the Canadian mainland. I drove into the teeth of the blizzard. When I turned, to look back, drifting snow obliterated everything in a mantle of haze.

Somewhere far away I heard the howling of dogs. But soon they gave way to the wind. With an anxious look at the bundle of blankets in my sled, I hurried the team.

When I reached the mainland towards evening, I did not waste my time looking for Cay Point cabin, which stood in a labyrinth of creeks, rivers and islands which formed the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Instead, I headed to the South again, towards the most northern range of the Rocky Mountains.

Next morning found me in the foothills. I had covered, I thought, about ninety miles. Not bad going in eighteen hours.

Another seventy miles of mountainous going separated me from Aklavick.

I could cover that in another sixteen hours, I thought, providing I got my bearings. But the gale still howled and whistled, making the world a white, hazy infinity.

I consulted my compass. I was still bearing South. The Old Crow Pass was to the East of me, somewhere. But where?

No use trying to find it in this weather. Only get lost. So I stopped the dogs, to give them a rest. I fed them. Then made some tea for myself on a fire of twigs.

Sonny was groaning in the sled. I gave him a bit of milk. Suddenly I noticed how cool his body was.

I broke into a cold sweat. I felt his pulse. It seemed weak, or was I imagining things? I ran my hand over his body. It was cool; the temperature was gone.

Then I realised the truth. His appendix had burst. Another few hours now. . . .

I drove my dogs savagely, bearing south-east. No time now to wait for a break in the weather. Mile after mile I pushed on, looking for that huge rock at the entrance of the Old Crow Pass which would give me my bearings.

Then I found it. I saw it, black and towering to the left of me, swept clean of snow by countless mountain winds. I hurried my dogs, leaving the rock behind me, and felt their speed slacken as we started to climb towards the summit of the pass.

I jettisoned everything from the sled, to lighten it. My rifle, axe, food.

At last, the summit. Another twenty miles, and I should strike Rat River just above its junction with the Mackenzie. After that, a few miles more. . . .

I lost all sense of time, and when I saw lights of Aklavick high up on the banks of the Mackenzie River, I did not know whether it was night or day. The long, Arctic winter made both the same.

Straining, pulling, the dogs climbed the bank and I drove them towards a large white building. It was the hospital. Then I wondered about Doc Fitzgerald. Would he be at the hospital? Or was he miles and miles away, on another errand of mercy, curing some helpless Indian in insanitary surroundings.

I stopped my dogs outside. The door opened, and two nuns came out. Doctor Fitzgerald was with them.

"Take him right to the operating room," I heard him say. "I'll be right along. Hurry, now. . . ."

I stared at him speechlessly.

"Ever heard of Moccasin Telegraph?" he asked me.

And so Sonny lived, and you can see his photograph on opposite page. He was saved by what we called—for the want of a better name—Moccasin Telegraph.

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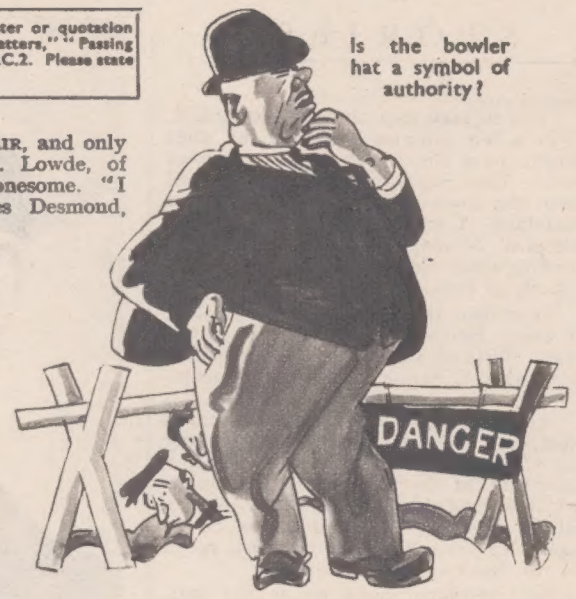

Is the bowler hat a symbol of authority?

You're Telling Us!

LOVE, ALAS, IS IN THE AIR, and only we and Desmond H. Lowde, of Harringay, N.4, are lonesome. "I am deeply worried," writes Desmond, "about a most intimate problem, and wonder whether you or any readers can help me out. I'm looking for a good-looking, blonde lady friend, and after two years' hunting, have come to the conclusion that such girls are now extinct, like some of the animals we see in the Natural History Museum. Is this really true or have I just been unlucky to date? May I appeal to all the fair ladies who travel by Tube to business and are willing to act as partners to look out for me? I shall wear a head of celery in my button-hole to assist detection."

WITH CELERY THE PRICE it is, Desmond, we would economise and wear orchids. Scrapping a further sheaf of aching hearts, we cross the Border to assuage some milder anguish from Angus (and to scotch those Scots who are incessantly writing on tartan postcards that Scotland is neglected on this too-Southern page). Thus William S. Crockart, of Dundee: "I write to you in the capacity of a critic of the arts and I must say that I deplore the modern ideal. The modern tendency in art is for something glaringly conspicuous and outstanding which forces one's attention. Whereas the older type of paintings are a pleasing and inspired blending of colours, with the actual subject always standing out from the surrounding effects, the new or modern idea consists of daubs of different paints . . . which seem to scream at each other on the canvas, while the subject is often so completely submerged that no difference is observed in the picture whether it hangs right way up or not." But surely this is progress—surely this is a boon to amateur picturehangers?

BESIDES, WE ARE FOR TOLERANCE. We cannot forget that one hundred years ago the sort of picture which William S. Crockart likes was in its turn being deplored by the orthodox. It all depends what you're used to, as the collar salesman said to the giraffe. Giraffes have hair and cats have fur, but it can't be helped, for here is R. M. Holbrow, of Hornsey: "I have always thought there was something soothing in the very presence of a cat, but until I read the other day in an old magazine ("The Idler," January, 1896) the report of an interview with Louis Wain, it was news to me that cat-owners enjoyed immunity from nervous diseases. The famous cat artist claimed that people who kept cats and were in the habit of nursing them did not suffer from hysteria and other nervous disorders and were always of the sweetest temperament. Rheumatism also was unknown to fondlers of pussy. Louis Wain did not explain how the cure worked." But we will. The cat sits on your knee. You stroke the cat. The cat purrs. The purr sets up a faint but purrceptible vibration. The vibration prevents the formation of uric acid crystals in the joints. No rheumatism. Owing to professional jealousy and the attitude of the British Medical Association, we are not allowed to practise, but by golly if we did we'd prescribe two cats and a kitten twice daily before meals to half the population of this jittery and rheumaticky island. We could enlarge on this, but we won't, having a hat to try on.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING: Enter Thomas Roberts (of Sankey, Lankeyshire) in a bowler. "Is," he demands, "the bowler hat a symbol of authority? On all road-repairing jobs and building sites the foremen wear bowlers. Does the bowler hat distinguish the foreman from the ordinary workman or journeyman, and is it the foreman's privilege that he and no one else shall be allowed to wear a bowler in working hours? Of course, there may be some solemn ritual attached to the wearing of the bowler of which we outsiders are not aware." Of course, Mr. Roberts, of course. Was it not Napoleon who said, "Every plasterer's apprentice carries a foreman's bowler in his dinner-pail?" At the ancient ritual of coronation—or bowleration—too, the officiating archforeman wears and talks through a magnificent gilt bowler, whence the British Army recently borrowed the expression, "brass hat." Philologists should note, however, that the phrase, "I'll eat my hat," owes nothing to the bowler hat. Bowlers are not edible. Unpausing in our resistless march, we step over Mr. Martin Clarke, of Lightsome Liverpool, who complains that "England doesn't sing enough."

IN FACT, SHE DEFINITELY discourages a ditty of any kind. An Irishman's ordinary voice is musical. The soul of the bagpipe is reflected in the Scottish accent. The Welshman sings before he can speak, sings in his sleep, sings hymns on the way home from the pub. I suppose the Englishman, being such a great washer, is satisfied with his efforts in the bath. Always in England nothing but dull monotone. A coalman and a B.B.C. announcer sound much the same. Sing in the street and you're arrested for being drunk. . . ." As our favourite radio announcer remarked the other day in accepting delivery of two cwt.: "You c'n chuck the ruddy stuff dahn 'ere. Nah—'ere!" And as the coalman dulcetly made answer: "Only too pleased, old fellah, to depahsit it wherevah you prefah." But that crack about the bagpipes—that we must leave our brawest Scottish readers to deal with. On and on we hurtle, to another sort of problem.

I WONDER," MUSES Mrs. M. G. Shepherd, of Madcap Manchester, "if Uncle Joe from Cornwall could give you the answer to this one? A water-lily doubles its size every year. If it takes fifty years to cover a pond, how many years will it take to cover half the pond? Yours faithfully." Disturbed in his after-lunch nap, Uncle Joe, bowdlerised, states that he has no water-lily, no pond, and no interest. He thinks that reference to any good gardening handbook would be quite useless. We have our own private conception of the solution, but leave it, along with the bagpipes business, for readers to chew over themselves.

OUR ESTEEMED UNCLE'S ATTENTION has also brought to it by Glen Williams, of Belfast, "the steady coarsening and case-hardening of the female element who spectate at football games. You would be shocked by the cynical disregard for life and limb displayed by the women. Is it too late to snatch the womenfolk of this age from the brutalising influence of the football field? Where may we look for the sweet influence to preside over our hearths if the soft shades of the sampler are substituted for a striped effect in mud and blood?"

IT'S NOT TOO LATE, Mr. Williams—it's too early. Come back in a thousand years, and see if women are civilised then.

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Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS.

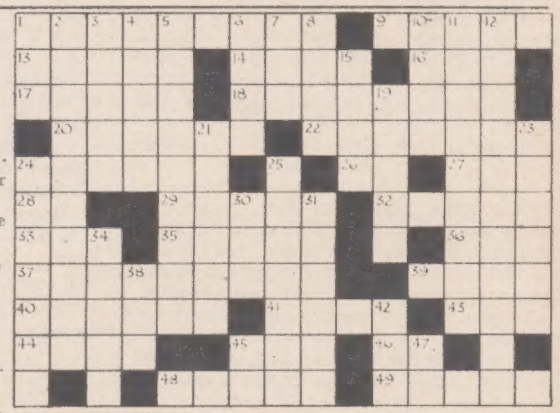
1. Implements of war.
9. Quivering poplar.
13. Depart, or permission to.
14. Take the grains out of toast and leave the rest.
16. You may use the implement in 9.
17. Bundles.
18. Eloquence in these, or should be.
20. Exhortation expected in this.
22. Lens tar for payments.
24. Not for rolling stones.
26. Diminutive mother.
27. Friend in a round.
28. Two thirds of insect for this article.
29. May be convivial or even cannibal.
32. A vine for simplicity.
33. An emperor abbreviated for a doze.
35. Metallic satire.
36. Abbreviated time.
37. A rain boss (anagram).
39. Half prefix.
40. Draws nearer.
41. Small one for a detail.
43. Aberdeen has this in common with Chester.
44. Comparative of little.
45. A gale ensuing (hidden).
46. What's left of 9 after deducting 16.
48. Here's possession in the midst of an abyss.
49. Where sailors go.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Attire from Albania.
2. A sober lane (anagram).
3. Lames the masculine ones.
4. Saver declares.
5. Mimes seer to induce a trance.
6. When the sun is high.
7. Viscous substance in 8.
8. Another world.
10. Dangerous place in U.S.A.
11. Pile Danes to be punished.
12. Submit to this and you are in bondage.
15. To check the flood with part of a plant.
19. A nine is empty.
21. An Egyptian goddess.
23. Wealth in bulk.
24. Calm Ena for a shackle.
25. Coppers.
30. This also.
31. 15 grows here into arranged order.
34. Ropes in writing.
38. 46 develops into a beast.
42. May present the world on paper.
45. Feminine article in France.
47. This is in soak.

A	M	B	U	S	C	A	D	E	■	S	P	A	S	M
R	O	A	N	■	H	■	E	N	C	H	A	N	T	■
C	O	N	G	E	A	L	E	D	■	A	C	T	O	R
A	N	T	E	R	I	O	R	■	S	P	E	E	C	H
D	■	A	N	E	N	T	■	R	E	E	D	■	K	O
I	■	M	E	■	E	T	H	E	R	■	■	P	■	D
A	M	■	R	U	D	E	■	A	P	P	A	L	■	E
N	E	R	O	■	■	R	U	L	E	■	P	A	T	S
S	T	O	U	T	L	Y	■	I	N	E	P	T	■	I
■	E	S	S	A	Y	■	S	T	A	L	E	■	A	■
P	R	E	■	B	E	A	S	T	■	R	E	S	T	■

Solution to last week's puzzle



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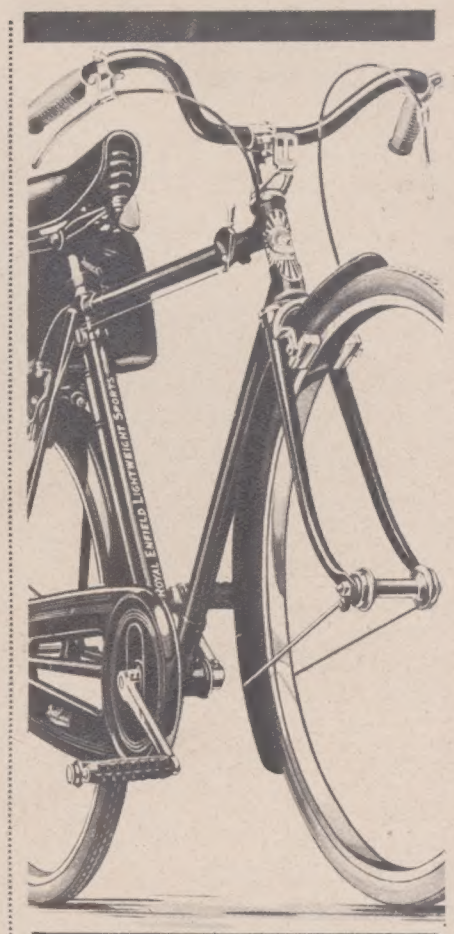

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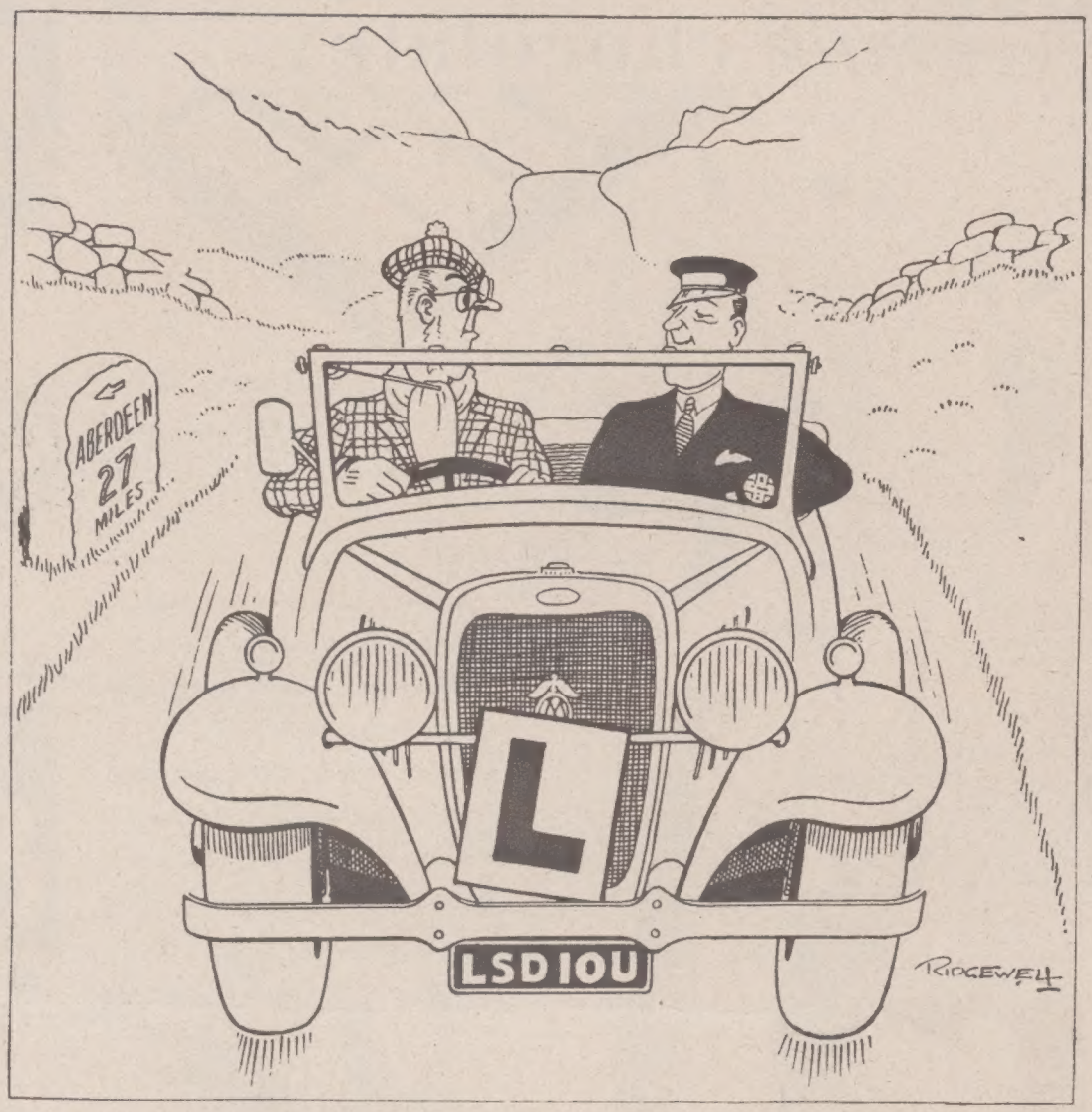

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